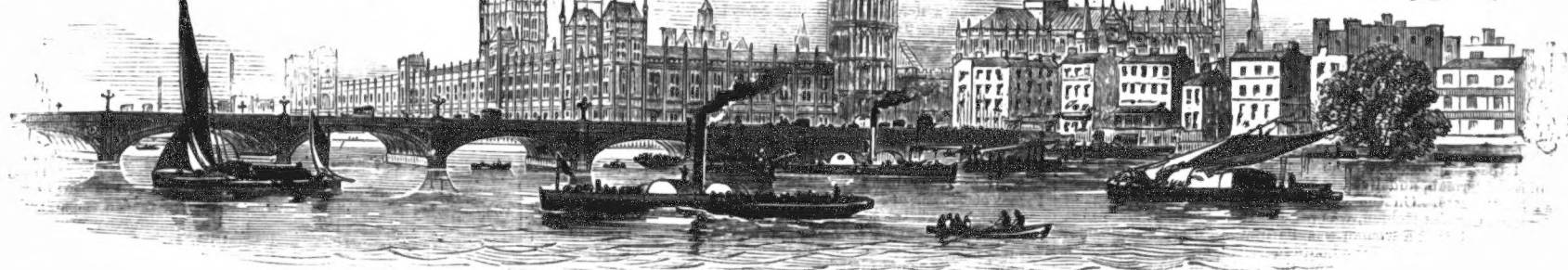


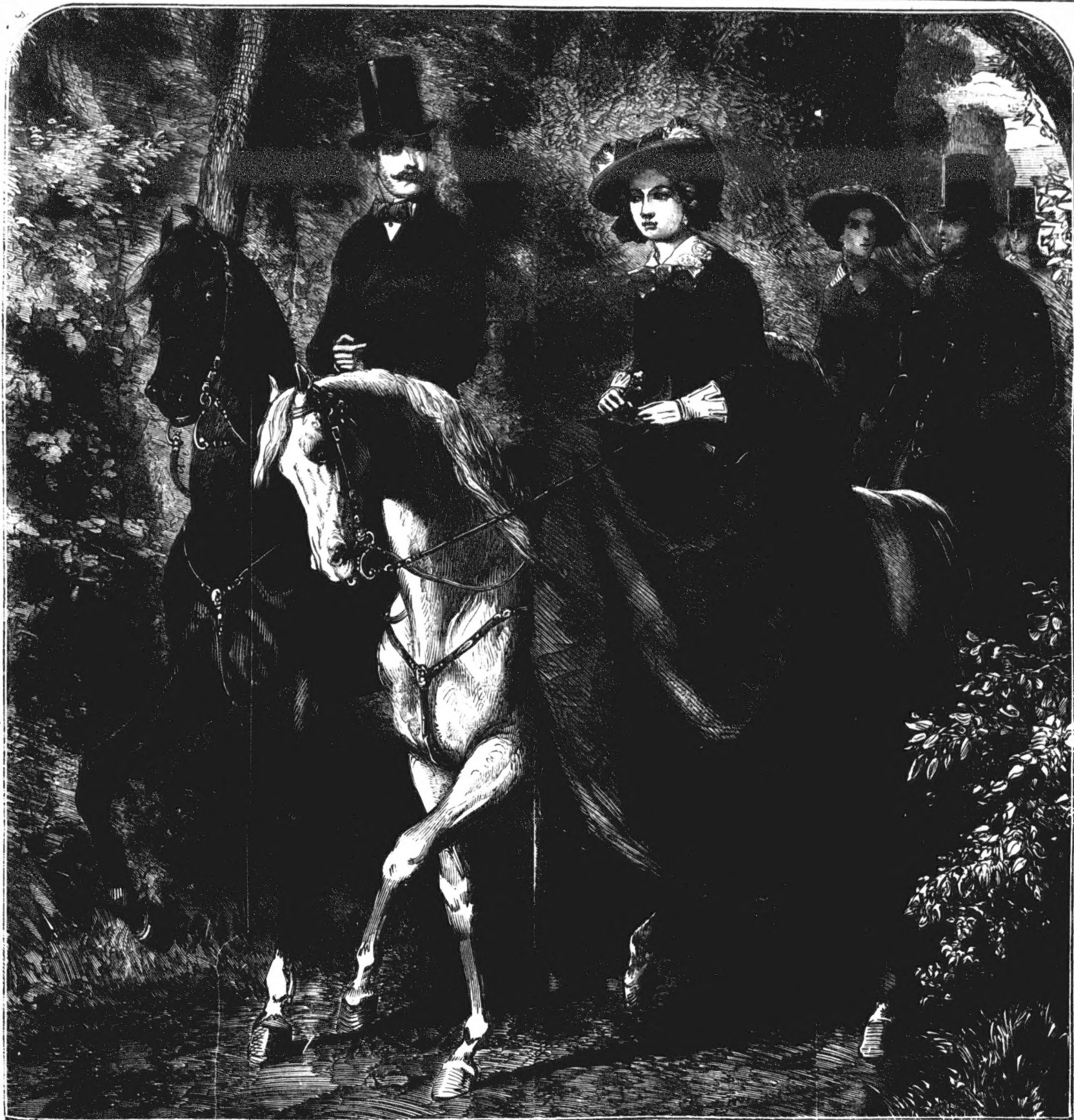
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**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA RIDING THROUGH THE BALMORAL WOODS. (See page 279.)

Notes of the Week.

ABOUT four o'clock on Saturday morning, the residence of the Rev. B. C. Smith, of Biddenham, near Bedford, was broken open, and various articles of value carried away. Entrance was effected at the house door, from the lawn. The thief first visited the pantry, from which he took several articles of silver; he then went into the drawing-room, and with a jemmy forced several drawers, taking possession of such convertible property as came in his way. Fortunately, the noise he made awoke the nurse, who, thinking her fellow-servant was below, got up and went down stairs. On reaching the bottom step she called out, when a man with a lighted candle bolted out of the drawing-room and ran out into the lawn. The nurse distinctly saw that the man wore a very long light-coloured coat and goshes, but she could not see his face. The property stolen consisted of a number of gold seals and rings, precious stones set in gold, and silver articles. The thief got clear off. He is supposed to belong to a gang of burglars now infesting the neighbourhood.

On Monday evening, Dr. Lankester, the coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquest at the Royal Free Hospital touching the death of Charlotte Tiffin, who died of injuries which she had received from burning. From the evidence given in the case it appeared that the deceased, who was forty years of age, was the wife of a lighterman, and lived at No. 25, Brighton-street, Cromer-street, St. Pancras. On the evening of the 6th instant a young man, named Charles Holden, was passing through Brighton-street, when he heard that a woman was burning to death at the house No. 25. He at once ran to the house indicated, and found five men on the kitchen stairs, who told him there was a fire in the kitchen, but endeavoured to dissuade him from going down. He, however, rushed past them, and found in the kitchen the deceased woman, who wore a merino dress, which was smouldering from fire. He lifted her up, tore off the burning clothes, and carried her into the back parlour. Afterwards he brought her in a cab to the Royal Free Hospital. She told him that she had been sitting before the fire at work, and that a live coal flew out of the fire and set her clothes on fire. She wore no crinoline. Mr. John Daniel Hill, surgeon, of the Royal Free Hospital, stated that the deceased had been admitted to that institution on the 6th instant, and died on the 9th. She had sustained extensive burns, and death was caused by the shock resulting from those injuries. Dr. Lankester said it was to be lamented that fire-guards were not in more general use. The great probability was that if there had been a fire-guard in the kitchen where Mrs. Tiffin took fire the accident would not have occurred. Again, it was to be regretted that clothes were not more generally rendered inflammable, especially articles which were washed, as starch which would render them so could be purchased at a lower price than the ordinary starch. On the previous Saturday he held an inquest on a man whose death seemed to have been caused by ashes from his pipe having fallen on the breast of his shirt while he was in a state of intoxication. A few evenings before that he held an inquest on a gentleman who had been burnt to death in consequence of the curtains of his bed having caught fire. Dr. Farr had prepared some interesting statistics on this subject, which showed that no less than 50,000 persons had been burnt to death in the space of seventeen years. This gave an average of about eight deaths a day from fire. It to this jury added the fifteen or twenty cases in which there was recovery after injuries from fire as compared with the one which proved fatal, they might form an idea of the immense number of accidents which occurred from fire. Dr. Farr also showed that in the case of accidents from fire to children under five years of age the majority of the victims were boys. This resulted from the more mischievous tendencies of boys; but after five years, the accidents were principally to the female sex, which, no doubt, resulted from the character of the clothing worn by women. The foreman of the jury said he had witnessed Holden's conduct when he descended to the kitchen and carried Mrs. Tiffin out of it, and he thought that it was most praiseworthy, and showed great presence of mind. The coroner said he fully concurred with the foreman. Verdict, "Accidental death."

MELANCHOLY BOAT ACCIDENT.—A most melancholy accident happened on the bar of the Tyne. On Monday morning several foreign vessels were observed in the offing awaiting the tide; steam tugs, pilots, and four boatmen put out to sea. At about seven o'clock in the morning Edward Rogers and Joseph Bagg, two of the boatmen, proceeded down the estuary of the Tyne, in a small boat in tow of The Brothers steamboat. As they approached the bar, and got amongst the seas, they saw their danger, and called to the master of the steamboat to cast off their line. This he did, but it was too late. Three heavy seas came rolling in towards the shore, and as the four boatmen pulled for their lives towards the north, they overtook them. The first sea struck the boat, and capsized it. The men were seen from the steamboat to crawl on to the bottom, but the third sea came upon them with much violence, and after it swept over them men and boat disappeared. When the steamboat men aboard The Brothers saw the accident they put round to the assistance of the poor men, but the steamboat dare not go amongst the broken water, and those in charge of her were obliged to put into the harbour with the sad intelligence of the disaster. The accident, however, had been observed from the Sand End, and the William Wake life-boat was immediately manned by the watermen and ballast keelmen, and pulled out into the raging sea, but they were too late, men and boat had disappeared.

On Sunday afternoon, a fatal fight took place between James Burgess, seventeen years of age, late of Jones-court, Hulme, and a youth rather older, named James Hidd. The two were employed at the Victoria Fruit Market, Manchester. Some quarrel having arisen between them, they resolved to fight, and on Saturday afternoon, together with their seconds and a number of friends, were seen by a police-sergeant on duty in Stretford-road to mount the Old Trafford omnibus. He suspected them, and followed to the place of meeting. The youth crossed over the Trafford Nest ferry, and walked to a field between Moss Wheel and Throstle Nest, where a ring was formed, and the fight commenced about three o'clock. About half-past three Burgess's seconds asked him, for the last time, to give up, but the only reply he gave was, that "he would be killed first." Shortly afterwards he fell to the ground from exhaustion, saying he would fight no more, and in a few minutes he expired. He was taken in a cab to the Royal Infirmary, but medical aid was of no avail.

A CONSIDERATE SEXTON.—A correspondent informs us that a few days since, at a village a short distance from Dover, the child of a poor woman was lying on the point of death, when a gentle tap was heard at the door. The visitor turned out to be the sexton's wife, who asked whether it was likely the child would be long dying, as her husband wanted to go out, but would delay his departure if it was thought death would shortly take place.—*Dover Express.*

A FOOD AND LUXURY WITHOUT A FAULT.—No parent or invalid should fail to buy Maizena. It was reported by the jury of the late Exhibition "Exceedingly excellent for food," and obtained the two prize medals, being the sole awards gained by any article of its kind. Maizena is highly recommended by our first physicians as the best, lightest, most palatable, and most nutritious food for invalids and children, and prepared according to the directions given, it may be made into the most delicious cakes, custards, puddings, blanc mangas, and other exquisite dishes, effecting a wonderful saving in eggs, isinglass, &c.—*[Advertisement.]*

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

A Paris letter says:—"I mentioned a week ago that the iron-clad squadron had sailed from Cherbourg in quest of rough weather. It has put into Brest, and I understand that one point has been satisfactorily ascertained—that worse sea boats never were hunched. The rolling is described as having been perfectly terrific, the Couronne and Normandie sharing the bad pre-eminence of being decidedly the worst of the lot. The Normandie in particular lay like a log in the water. The sea making a clear breach over her; men were flying from one side against the other; the shot flung out of the racks, while the crew were nearly stifled from want of air, the port-holes having been closed even in what is nautically termed a fresh breeze. She will have to be docked. I am told that the commission of inquiry on board have come to the conclusion that these iron-clads will never do for line-of-battle ships except in smooth water, and that they are therefore wholly unfit for anything but home squadrons. But before giving in their final report the unwieldy monsters will be allowed another trial. As soon as damages are repaired they are to have another cruise in the Bay of Biscay."

PRUSSIA.

A Berlin letter has the following relative to the visit of the Prince of Prussia to England:—

"The organs of the more or less official press affect to represent the journey of the Prince Royal to England as a simple pleasure trip; but it becomes more and more certain that the Prince left Germany in order to escape our internal embarrassments, and to remain completely irresponsible for the measures which the Government may take; for the latter inflexibly persists in its views upon the military organization and the budget question. The Prince has several times consulted the members of his wife's family upon the course to be taken in this crisis, his representations to the King being of no avail. At the interview at Gastein between the King and his son, the Prince urged that the Bismark Ministry should be replaced by a liberal one; but the King offered immediately to abdicate. The Prince was much moved; father and son embraced, and the matter went no further. Since then, however, the Prince Royal, in passing through Cologne, stated to persons who enjoy his confidence, that if the King again offered his abdication, he, the Prince, would not refuse it. At Brussels the Prince had a long conference with the King of the Belgians, who promised to go and see the King at Baden. This he is about to do; but his representations will probably have little effect upon King William, who is convinced that the system which he has adopted is the only one capable of saving Prussia from the domination of democracy."

THE AMERICANS AND RUSSIANS.

The following is from the *Times* correspondent in New York:—"Much curiosity is excited to know what can possibly have brought seven Russian war-ships into the harbour of New York at this particular moment. To-day these unusual, but to the Americans most welcome visitors, have been received with salutes of artillery from the fort on Governor's Island, the guns on the Battery, and the British, French, and Federal war-ships in the Bay; and the municipality has invited the officers to a grand banquet at the Metropolitan Hotel. Has Mr. Cassius M. Clay—bungling and indiscreet as he was and is—been dexterous enough to negotiate a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Russian and the Federal Governments? Is the visit of the Russian fleet alike an earnest of the new *entente cordiale* and a warning to the French Emperor of the danger of his Mexican policy, and of any attempted recognition of the Southern Confederacy? Or is the visit simply a tribute of respect to the greatness of our unparalleled country, not mingled with a natural desire to witness some of our illimitable resources, to examine our invincible iron-clads, that will some day or other—*Deo volente*—sweep the arrogant navy of Great Britain off the seas, and our Parrott and Dahlgren guns of long range, compared with which any of the stupid old guns that British genius and skill are able to construct are little better than bows and arrows? Such are some of the questions that the War Christians are asking, and to which no one can give any satisfactory reply. Whatever be the objects of their visit to these waters, the Russians will have an enthusiastic reception from all classes. Though Mr. Charles Sumner is of a different opinion, and considers Switzerland to be about the only friend which the Federal Government has in the world, it suits the leading politicians of both parties to represent the Czar as a better friend to America than any other Power in Europe, and to speak of a future day, when the one will dominate the Old World and the other the New, and share our terrestrial globe between them, barely granting a negligard permission to such a Power as England to continue to exist, and to crawl with befitting humility under their huge legs. The present aspect of the Mexican question, and the reasoning in M. Chevallier's pamphlet, which is believed to be wholly inspired by the Emperor, that the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by the new Emperor of Mexico, and consequently by France, is a question of time only, and that time a very short one, have created no little anxiety, lest Mr. Lincoln should, in spite of his prudent desire to have but one war on his hands, find himself unexpectedly engaged in two. Russian sympathy in such a case—for no one expects the sympathy of Great Britain—would count for something; and for this reason, if for no other, every nerve will be strained to impress the Russian officers favourably, and give them such a reception as will make every one of them, on his return to his own country, a missionary to preach goodwill to America, and sing the praises of its power and greatness. The question of a war with France excites very different feelings from that of a war with Great Britain. In American estimation France can seldom do wrong—Great Britain as seldom do right. Even the report that the British Foreign Secretary has resolved to stop the iron-clad building in the Mersey from putting to sea until the courts of law have had an opportunity of deciding whether they are or are not intended for the Confederates, is received with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and the jubilant assertion that England is 'afraid.' Not so with France. Fear is never attributed in that quarter, or any motive less noble than that of an ambition a little too daring and unreasonable. The evidence is clear on every side that the Northern people are not prepared for a war with France. Mercantile men might object to a war with England, while the bulk of the population, rowdy and non-rowdy, would rejoice at it; but as regards the impolicy and unpopularity of a war with France there is no difference of opinion."

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living on this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—*[Advertisement.]*

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 1, Ludgate-hill. *[Advertisement.]*

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELSIOR SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Wright and Manns, 143, Holborn Bars. Manufacturing, Ipswich.—*[Advertisement.]*

General News.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Independence Belge* writing from Rome on the 29th Sept., says:—"Last week the Pope went to the Quirinal, and had a number of books, which he set fire to, brought into the garden. When they began to burn he said:—'While the flames of hell are blazing let us take an ice,' and refreshments were served in front of the auto-da-fé. I cannot say for certain that M. Renan's book was there, but it is probable. Formerly, condemned books were burnt by the hands of the hangman; now the Pope is himself the executioner."

The Peninsula and Oriental Company's steam-ship *Ceylon*, which arrived at Southampton from Bombay, brought as passengers thirteen officers and sixty soldiers, who will be required to give evidence at the court-martial on Colonel Crawley, for cruelty to Sergeant-Major Lilley. Colonel Crawley left Alexandria for England in the *Marseilles* packet. The *Poonah* is expected to arrive shortly with another batch of witnesses from India, and altogether some 150 persons will be conveyed to this country to give evidence at the trial.

We regret to have to report the death, at a comparatively early age, of General J. Donisthorpe Johnstone, late Colonel of the 32nd Regiment (the Duke of Wellington's). He went out to the Crimea with his regiment, whence he was sent home to England seriously invalided that he was considered to be in a dying state. On his partial recovery he again joined his regiment at the seat of war, and, with his son, Captain Johnstone, was the first in the assault on the Redan, where he lost an arm. He never fully recovered this shock to a highly nervous and sensitive system. General Johnstone remained in the Crimea till the end of the war, and six months afterwards he went out to India in broken health, having in this brief interval formed a new regiment, only sixty of the trained soldiers of the 33rd who went out to the Crimea having returned home again. On his return from India he retired from the service, but never recovered his health. He died in Dublin, whither he had gone for medical advice, aged fifty-five.

We (*Army and Navy Gazette*) hear that experiments are soon to take place with the Armstrong 600-pounder in firing at a floating target representing a portion of the Warrior's side, and that the target built upon Mr. Reed's plan of very thick plates, slight backing, and a 2-inch skin, will also, ere long, be fired at. We think, therefore, that our naval and military friends interested in these matters should hold themselves in readiness for a run to Shoeburyness in about a fortnight or three weeks from this time.

The American papers record that the wife of General Tom Thumb is en route.

At the annual meeting of the Western Cambridgeshire Agricultural Association the Earl of Hardwicke responded to the toast of "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers." In doing so, he said that, in his opinion, the artillery which was to be used at sea in future must be much the same as of old, and be limited to that which was perfectly manageable under the various circumstances of position and weather in which ships were placed. Model guns of from twelve to twenty tons were useless unless they could be worked upon moveable platforms. He believed that the breech-loaders would prove valueless, and that we should again have to use muzzle-loaders. He considered that armour-plated ships would use the greatest resistance to shot. This being the case, his lordship thought that this class of vessels would be adapted for our defensive purposes.

We are informed, on reliable authority, that the court-martial on Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley, of the Enniskillen Dragoons, will take place at Aldershot. A party of about thirty-seven, consisting of officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the above regiment, arrived from India at Aldershot, and are quartered in the West Block, Permanent Barracks.

THE STEAM RAMS ON THE MERSEY.

A CONSIDERABLE amount of gossip and remarks has of late been prevalent in Liverpool and elsewhere relative to two steam rams which have been constructed at the Birkenhead Ironworks by Messrs. Laird Brothers. One account stated that the ships in question were being built for the Emperor of China, which avowal gave rise to some incredulous remarks. Another statement was to the effect that the vessels in question were built on French account, and one of them, which was launched a few weeks ago, named *El Tounsin*, was taken into the Great Float flying the French ensign. Since then she has been moored at the Victoria wharf, in that immense basin, and operations have been steadily prosecuted for the purpose of fitting her for sea. In consequence of these operations information was received from the Foreign-office—at least, so much is said, and has been acknowledged in high quarters—to the effect that, suspicious of the vessels being intended for the Confederate States of America, they would not be allowed to depart unless satisfactory evidence was given that their destination would not form an infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act. In this state the affair remained till a revenue cutter conveyed a Custom House officer into the Great Float, and put him on board of the *El Tounsin*. This proceeding was followed by the appearance of a second Custom House officer, who put the "broad arrow" on the vessel, and remained in charge of the ship. The *Goshawk*, under the command of Lieutenant Cheek, acting tender to her Majesty's ship *Majestic*, went into the low-water basin, which is not yet open for vessels, and remained there. On Saturday morning her Majesty's ship *Liverpool* dropped from her previous moorings, and took a position in front of the entrance to the Mersey Dock, with her stern backed, and her steam obviously up. In this condition she lay all day, and general opinion connected with her being in this position a belief that she, as well as the *Goshawk*, was in readiness to prevent the apprehended departure of the *El Tounsin*. So far, however, as present appearances warrant the conjecture, this precaution was unnecessary. The ship is evidently a powerful vessel. She has—or, rather, preparations are made for her to have—two copper turrets, which are far advanced in construction. Her bulwarks are made to fall down outwardly, and she has two port holes in the stern, disagreeably suggestive of heavy "stern chasers." Her sides are evidently strong, and armour-plated; but by far her most formidable-looking character is derived from her sullenly projecting prow. As a whole, this formidable-looking craft, which every one professes to regard with something like mystery, and which no one about will admit knowing anything of, is a capital specimen of the ship-builder's art, and if let loose with a hostile intent, would, no doubt, prove an ugly customer.

DEATH OF MRS. TROLLOPE.

THE above lady, well known as the popular authoress, has just died at Florence. She was born at Heckfield, Hants, in 1779. Her father, the Rev. Mr. Milton (who held the New College living of Heckfield), was the designer of the wet dock at Bristol, and was well known as a most accomplished man of science. The old Wykehamist connection brought about Mrs. Milton's marriage with Mr. Thomas Anthony Trollope, B.C.L. of Oxford (1794), and Fellow of New College, who was called to the bar in 1801, and died at Bruges, October 23, 1835. In the early portion of her career she acquired some notoriety as the writer of a work on "America and Americans," in which she criticised our Transatlantic kinsmen in a coarse and unfriendly spirit. Mrs. Trollope's later works are too numerous to be given in detail. They include "The Vicar of Wrexhill," "The Widow Barnaby," "The Widow Married," "The Barnabys in America," "Jessie Phillips," and many others.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.

At the present moment, when the public mind is so interested upon the subject of earthquakes, and in order to appease the general excitement, and in many instances the curiosity to which the recent shock of earthquake has given rise in England, we append a chronological list of some of the most disastrous of these visitations during the historic period. By this it will be seen that, although this phenomenon occurs most frequently in volcanic countries, it is by no means a stranger to England. For instance, during the present century there have been no less than 255 slight shocks of earthquake in Great Britain. Of these, 139 took place in Scotland, the most violent of which were felt at Comrie, in Perthshire, in 1839; of the rest, fourteen took place on the borders of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, thirty in Wales, and thirty-one on the south coast of England.

Up to the present time no satisfactory account of the causes that produce this phenomenon has been arrived at, but the theory generally adopted is, that it is produced by the effects of voltaic electricity developed by a particular disposition of heterogeneous strata; which is strengthened by the undisputed fact that when violent shocks succeed each other within a short space of time, the electricity of the air sensibly increases the instant the ground is most agitated.

In December, 1115, Antioch, Aleppo, Jerusalem, and other towns in Syria, were greatly injured by an earthquake; in 1139, Gansana, in Persia, was destroyed, and 100,000 persons were buried in its ruins; in 1142 an earthquake was felt at Lincoln; in 1158, Antioch, Tripoli, Damascus, Aleppo, and other Syrian towns were reduced to ruins, and 20,000 lives were lost; on the 4th of February, 1169, Catania, and other towns of Sicily and Calabria, were ruined, and 15,000 persons killed; in September, 1186, an earthquake was felt throughout Europe, but especially in England, Calabria, and Sicily; in 1218, in Franche Comte a mountain opened and engulfed 5,000 men; in 1227, in France, towards the mouth of the Rhone, 5,000 persons perished from the fall of rocks from the mountains; in 1268, 60,000 persons were killed by an earthquake in Cilicia; in December, 1274, an earthquake was felt throughout England.

On the 14th of November, 1318, the shock of an earthquake again occurred in England, the most violent ever experienced in this country; on the 1st of January, 1353, one occurred at Modena, where 2,000 people perished; on the 5th of December, 1456, one took place in Naples, where many towns were injured, and 60,000 lives were lost.

In October, 1491, in Cos, in the Archipelago, 5,000 persons perished by an earthquake; on Sept. 14, 1509, 1,700 houses were overthrown at Constantinople, and some thousands of lives lost; January 26, 1531, an earthquake took place in Spain and Portugal, and in Lisbon 1,600 houses and all the churches were thrown down, and many persons were buried in the ruins. April 26, 1580, an earthquake was felt in France, Belgium, and especially in England. It was most violent in London and Dover, and the bells at Westminster were made to sound by the violence of the shock. July 22, 1596, many cities were reduced to ruins in Japan. In 1624 or 1628 an island of more than a league and a half long was raised near St. Michael, in the Azores. On 30th July, 1636, 80 towns and villages were destroyed in the province of Capitanata and La Puglia; Naples also suffered, and 17,000 persons were killed. March 27, 1638, 180 towns and villages of Calabria and Sicily were reduced to ruins. In 1667 Schismaki was reduced to ruins, and 80,000 persons were buried. October 17, 1690, an earthquake took place at Dublin and Killybegny, in Ireland. June 7, 1692, at Port Royal, in Jamaica, three-fourths of the houses were overwhelmed by the sea, and 3,000 of the inhabitants lost their lives. In 1698, in Sicily and Calabria, 49 towns, many villages, and 972 churches or monasteries were reduced to ruins, and 93,000 lives lost. February 2, 1703, Aquileia was overthrown and 5,000 lives were lost. Jeddo, in Japan, was reduced to ruins, and 200,000 of the inhabitants buried. November 3, 1706, 15,000 perished by an earthquake in Abruzzo. In May and June, 1716, a violent earthquake destroyed 20,000 lives at Algiers. On the 1st of September, 1726, a terrible earthquake took place at Palermo, when four churches, ten palaces, and 1,600 houses were overthrown, and from 3,000 to 6,000 lives were lost.

In 1727, Tabriz, in Persia, was ruined, and 77,000 persons were overwhelmed. On November 30, 1731, an earthquake took place in China, and the first shock buried 100,000 persons in Pekin alone; and on the 29th of the same month in the following year some violent shocks were felt in the kingdom of Naples, when 1,940 persons were killed, and 1,455 wounded. On the 28th of October, 1746, an earthquake occurred in Peru, when Callao, Cavallos, and other towns were overwhelmed by the sea. On the 19th February, 1758, a shock was felt in London and the country for seven miles round. Several earthquakes occurred in London this year; and on the 7th June 2,000 persons perished in the island of Coregio. On the 29th of July, 1752, a very violent earthquake occurred at Adrianople and Constantinople, when mosques and houses sustained considerable damage. In 1754 Grand Cairo was destroyed, and 40,000 lives were lost. On the 25th of April, 1755, Quito was overthrown; and two months afterwards, on the 7th of June, Kaschan, in northern Persia, was reduced to ruins, and 40,000 persons killed; and on the 1st of November in the same year the great earthquake at Lisbon occurred, which was felt from Iceland on the North to Morocco on the south; and from Bohemia on the east to the West India Islands on the west. It took place at nine a.m., and lasted about eight minutes, in which short space of time most of the houses and 50,000 inhabitants were destroyed. There were three principal shocks, and in Lisbon alone 12,000 houses were thrown down, and whole streets were completely swallowed up; the cities of Coimbra and Braga also suffered, and St. Ubes was swallowed up; at Faro 3,000 inhabitants were buried; a great part of Malaga was destroyed; one half of Fez, in Morocco, and 25,000 Arabs were swallowed up, and about one-half of the island of Madeira was destroyed. This extended over 5,000 miles. On the 30th of October, 1759, 20,000 persons perished in the valley of Baalbec alone. On the 29th July, 1763, at Comara, in Hungary, 1,500 houses were overthrown. In August, 1767, 1,600 persons perished at Martigues. On the 7th of June, 1773, the city of St. Jago, in Guatemala, was destroyed, and between 5,000 and 8,000 families perished in the ruins. On the 3rd of July, 1778, a violent earthquake nearly destroyed Smyrna. In February, 1780, Tabriz, in Persia, sustained severe injuries. On the 5th of February, 1788, an awful devastation took place in Calabria and Sicily, attended with great loss of life. On the 23rd of July, 1784, the city of Assingham, in the parish of Erzerum, was overthrown, and upwards of 5,000 lives lost. On the 12th August, 1788, 900 persons perished at St. Lucia, in the West Indies. September 30, 1789, houses, men, and cattle were engulfed in Tuscany. On the 1st of April 1793, 53,000 persons were destroyed in Japan, near the volcano Illigama, which drew forth torrents of water. On the 12th of June, 1794, an earthquake was felt throughout Campania, but especially so in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, which broke forth into active eruption and overwhelmed the city of Torre del Greco. In Feb. 1796, 1,500 persons perished in Asia Minor; and in the same month the following year Quito, in Peru, was overthrown, and 40,000 persons were buried in the ruins. In Sept., 1800, one occurred at Constantinople; and in October, 1802, a very widely-extended shock was felt at Cronstadt, St. Petersburg, Bucharest, Constantinople, &c. In 1804 an earthquake occurred at Rotterdam, Haarlem, and other Dutch towns. On Friday, July 26, 1805, a most destructive earthquake took place throughout Calabria; six towns and villages were destroyed, and 20,000 persons killed. On April 2, 1808, very violent shocks were

felt in Piedmont and the Valley of the Rhone. On August 11, 1810, the village of Las Casas, in the island of St. Michael, one of the Azores, disappeared, and was supplied by a lake of sulphureous boiling water. On March 26, 1812, Caracas was totally destroyed by an earthquake. In April, 1817, Chang Bah, in China, was overthrown, and 2,800 persons buried in its ruins.

In the following March, Philippopolis, a large city in Turkey, with 30,000 inhabitants, incurred a similar fate. Bhoj, the capital of Cutch, in the northern part of India, was reduced to ruins, and 2,000 lives were lost. Aleppo and adjacent towns were nearly destroyed, and 20,000 of the inhabitants killed, in August and September, 1822. About 7,000 persons perished by an earthquake at Algiers and Blida, in March, 1825. In March, 1827, 1,000 lives were lost near Lahore, in India. There was a fearful destruction of property and life in the province of Murcia, in Spain, in March, 1829. Between 6,000 and 7,000 of the population of Canton were killed in May, 1830. In February, 1835, the great towns of Concepcion, Santiago, and other towns of Chili, were reduced to ruins; and in October of the same year Castiglione, in Southern Italy, was destroyed, and about 100 lives lost. On New Year's Day, 1837, the town of Saphit, in Syria, and several villages, were overwhelmed, the loss of life amounting to about 3,500. The island of Ternate, one of the Molucca group, was visited, and immense destruction was the result, in February, 1840. In the following August there was great destruction of houses and life in the district around Mount Ararat; and a village was destroyed in Zante, one of the Ionian Islands, two months afterwards. Property of the value of £100,000 was destroyed in Antigua, in February, 1843, but the loss of life was not great. There were severe shocks at Java and the city of Mexico in February and April, 1845. In March, 1846, there were terrible shocks in Norway. In October, 1847, the city of Atlixo, in Mexico, was ruined, and many of the inhabitants killed. 1851 was a notable year. Some of the Mediterranean islands suffered terribly in February; in April there were alarming shocks in Chili; and in August the town of Meli and Barile, in South Italy, were totally destroyed, with 1,000 of their inhabitants. Oumana, in Venezuela, was thrown down and 800 lives lost in July, 1853; and later in the year, Thebes and other places in Greece suffered terribly. In April, 1854, San Salvador, in Central America, was nearly all destroyed, more than 5,000 of the inhabitants perishing. Broussa, the ancient capital of Asia Minor, was the scene of a terrible catastrophe in February, 1855. The shocks lasted four days; a large number of the inhabitants perished, nearly eighty mosques were thrown down, and large masses of rock were detached from the neighbouring mountains and came crashing into the outskirts of the city. In July of the same year shocks were felt in Central Europe; and in December Jeddo, in Japan, and several towns in Nephew were destroyed. 1856 was another memorable year. Nearly 3,000 of the inhabitants of the Great Saltchir, one of the Moluccas, were killed in March; and in October 4,000 houses and 1,600 people were destroyed in Candia. The great Italian earthquake of December, 1857, destroyed many towns in Calabria, and 10,000 persons lost their lives. Corinth was thrown down in February, 1858. A similar fate overtook Quito in March, 1859. In April, 1861, 7,000 lives were lost by the destruction of Mendoza, in South America, when 2,000 houses were overthrown, and the damage to property was estimated at nearly a million and a-half sterling. The great earthquake at Manila, of which we received information a few weeks since, and which caused the deaths of many thousands of the inhabitants, must be fresh in the memory of our readers.

The illustration in page 284 represents a scene that occurred during the recent shock of an earthquake. A correspondent, who was in bed with his son, has favoured us with a sketch of the commotion and excitement the quaking of the earth occasioned in his own case.

THE DEFEAT OF GENERAL ROSENCRANZ.

The following are further particulars contained in a New York paper of the defeat of General Rosencranz's army, on the second day of fighting:—

"Sunday morning broke upon the hostile armies as fair as that of the preceding day. Contrary to the universal expectation on our side, the enemy again allowed the early hours, so well suited to offensive manoeuvres, to pass away undisturbed by the sounds of battle. The adaptation of their plan of attack to our new line doubtless necessitated this. About nine o'clock a few shots were heard at various points of our front, but it was only a little before ten that the report of whole volleys announced the resumption of the fight in good earnest. The firing that had begun upon the left at once assumed the fiercest character. The enemy repeated the tactics of the previous day by throwing themselves first upon our extreme left, formed by General Beatty's brigade of Negley's division. It stood the onset for some time, but finally retired. Desiring to unite the two portions of General Negley's command, General Rosencranz ordered General Wood's division to take the position of the two brigades stationed further to the right. The rebels, perceiving the withdrawal of Negley, and believing it to be a retreat in good earnest, quickly also moved upon the centre, and the action speedily became general. Finding themselves unable to make an impression on Wood, the enemy, after the lapse of an hour or so, seemed to concentrate their main strength upon the centre, now again commanded by Thomas. During the night our troops had constructed along the line barriers of logs and fence-rails, and thus, comparatively sheltered, they kept a continuous murderous musketry fire upon the enemy. Our artillery was planted upon higher ground in the rear, and fired over the infantry. Destructive as our fire from small arms and cannon was, it did not stay the advance of the rebels. At times they staggered, but only to rally and push again forward towards our line. With frantic yells, Longstreet's and Hill's corps both came rolling steadily on in columns by battalions. Our centre, weakened to the extent of almost one-third, was not strong enough for success in this unequal contest. Closer and closer approached the shouting hostile masses, and at last forced Brannan's division to yield its position. Meantime, as General Reynolds was severely pressed, General Wood was ordered to march instantly by the left flank, pass Brannan, and go to his relief. Davis and Sheridan were to shift over the left, and thus close up the line. As the occasion was urgent, General Wood drew in his skirmishers with considerable haste, and the rebels, for a second time mistaking a withdrawal for a flight, pressed forward like a torrent, and poured musketry, canister, and grape into the flank of the division, moving upon the double quick. The men endeavoured for a time to keep their files in order, but as the pitiless storm of lead and iron continued to be hurled against them, the regiments began to spread out like a fan, wider and wider, until finally they were torn to shinders. This was especially the case with the brigade commanded by Colonel Buell. Parker's brigade alone passed on to its destination comparatively intact. The battle now extended upon its most critical phase. The break, temporarily caused by the shifting of divisions from one point of the line to another, were so promptly perceived and turned to advantage by the enemy, that they proved fatal, and cost the loss of the day. Davis's division, coming up to take Wood's position on the extreme left, was taken with great suddenness and fury by the left flank, and pushed to the right in utter disorder. Simultaneously, the weak remnants of Van Cleve's and Palmer's divisions, exposed by the withdrawal of Davis's, were attacked with equal violence on the right, and forced back in great confusion. The rout of the left and the right was now complete, and even the exertions of General Rosencranz and his staff—who, with drawn swords, attempted to restore order—were of no avail. Streams of demoralised, uncontrollable men, fleeing towards the rear,

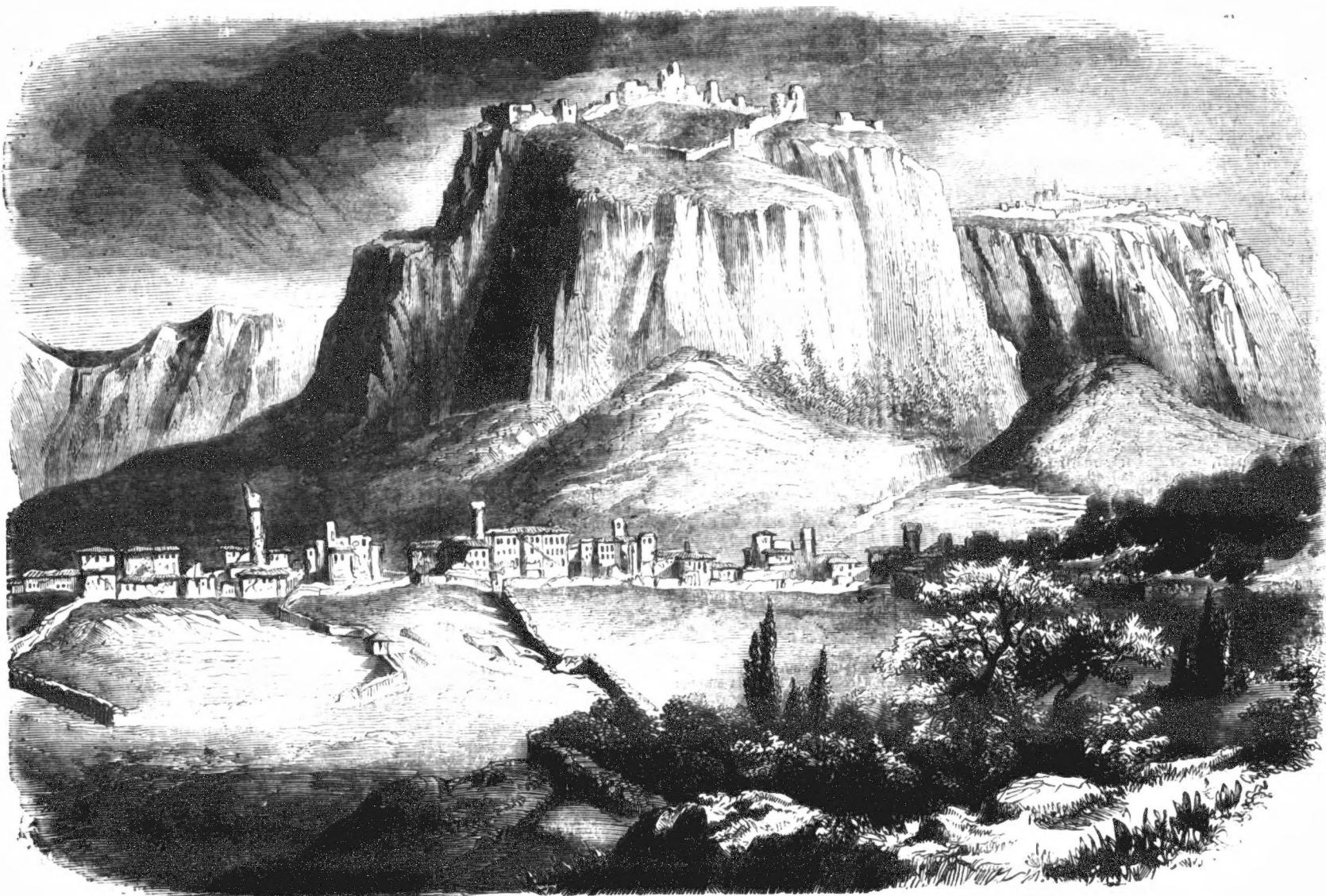
were all that remained of a large portion of the army. After that fatal break, our line of battle was not again reformed during the day. The army was, in fact, cut in two—McCook, with Davis, Sheridan, and Wilder, being thrown off to the right; Crittenden, except one brigade of Woods, being broken in pieces; and Thomas, with his indomitable corps, and Johnson's division of McCook's, remaining alone upon the left. Thomas's divisions, Negley's, Brannan's, and Baird's had been fearfully shaken and much scattered by the fight over the log works, and Reynolds's was the only one that retired in tolerable order. Retreat was now the only resort left, and the whole disorganised mass of our troops fell back over the road to Rossville. Crowds of stragglers, in mob-like disorder, made good speed towards Chattanooga, with the exception of Sheridan, Davis, and Wilder, who, cut off from the centre, still struggled as best they could. On the right, the divisions of Baird, Reynolds, Negley, and Brannan, and Harker's brigade of Wood's division, alone retained cohesiveness, and took a position along the base of Missionary Mountains, where the Rossville-road debouches from them, for another fight. The line was formed so that the left rested upon the Lafayette-road, and the right of the gap represented an arc of a circle, and a south-east hill about its centre formed the key to the position. Between two and three o'clock the enemy appeared on the Lafayette-road, and, moving by the left flank, soon formed for another attack. At first they directed a heavy fire of musketry and artillery upon our position, as though menacing to dispirit its defenders before coming to an assault; but the 10,000 or 12,000 men that confronted them felt that the fate of the army of the Cumberland, and in a great measure that of the Union, depended upon the repulse of the enemy, and when the rebel lines finally came repeatedly to the attack, they advanced but to recoil with severe loss. Our troops were formed in two lines upon the crest, and, firing one after the other, they kept up an unbroken fusillade with telling effect. The enemy, consisting of Felt's corps, were not only repelled, but thrown into such disorder that Turchin's brigade and other portions of the line followed and took several hundred prisoners. Towards sunset the enemy were driven back to the position they took when filing out of the Lafayette road, and abandoned the contest. When Thomas's division were most sorely pressed during the afternoon, and it looked at one time as though they would again have to succumb to superior numbers, they were gladdened and encouraged by the advent, on the right, of Mitchell's and Whitaker's brigades of the reserve corps, under the command of General Gordon Granger himself. With the accession of strength, our ability to maintain our position was no longer doubted. Soon after General Granger had reported to General Thomas his two brigades were sent out on the road, under command of General Steadman, to retake an ammunition train that had fallen into the hands of the enemy. They came upon a large rebel force, and, after a severe conflict, drove them away. While General Thomas was making his gallant fight, Sheridan and Davis had managed, after being much cut up, to work their way to the Rossville-road with the remnants of their divisions, and fallen back in the direction of Chattanooga. At night General Thomas fell back to Rossville, four miles from Chattanooga, after bringing away all the wounded, transportation, and other material within reach. While the struggle of Saturday ended in a drawn battle, that of Sunday resulted in a disastrous defeat. The failure of the first day was partly due to the greater numerical strength of the enemy, and partly to the deficient formation of our line of battle. That of the second is justly ascribed to improper tactics on the battle-field, and, above all, to the absence of command. The inspiring example set and influence exercised by the commander-in-chief at Stone River were wanting, he having been compelled to leave the field and return to Chattanooga before the action was over. The early disappearance of two corps commanders from the field also made a demoralizing impression. The loyal people certainly have cause for self-congratulation that the army of the Cumberland was not destroyed, and owes profound gratitude to General Thomas and those under him that saved it. Our losses are great. That in killed, wounded, and missing will probably reach 10,000. Of artillery we are less some fifty pieces, mostly lost on Sunday. Of waggons loaded with ammunition and supplies, ambulances, &c., we have also lost a great number. They were abandoned in the retreat on Sunday.

General Rosencranz and his lieutenants were busily engaged on Monday in strengthening their position by field-works, and reorganizing their commands. While the army itself may be considered safe enough, it is most certain that if the enemy have the advantage of great numbers, flanking movements will compel Rosencranz to retreat across the Tennessee, in case reinforcements should not promptly reach him."

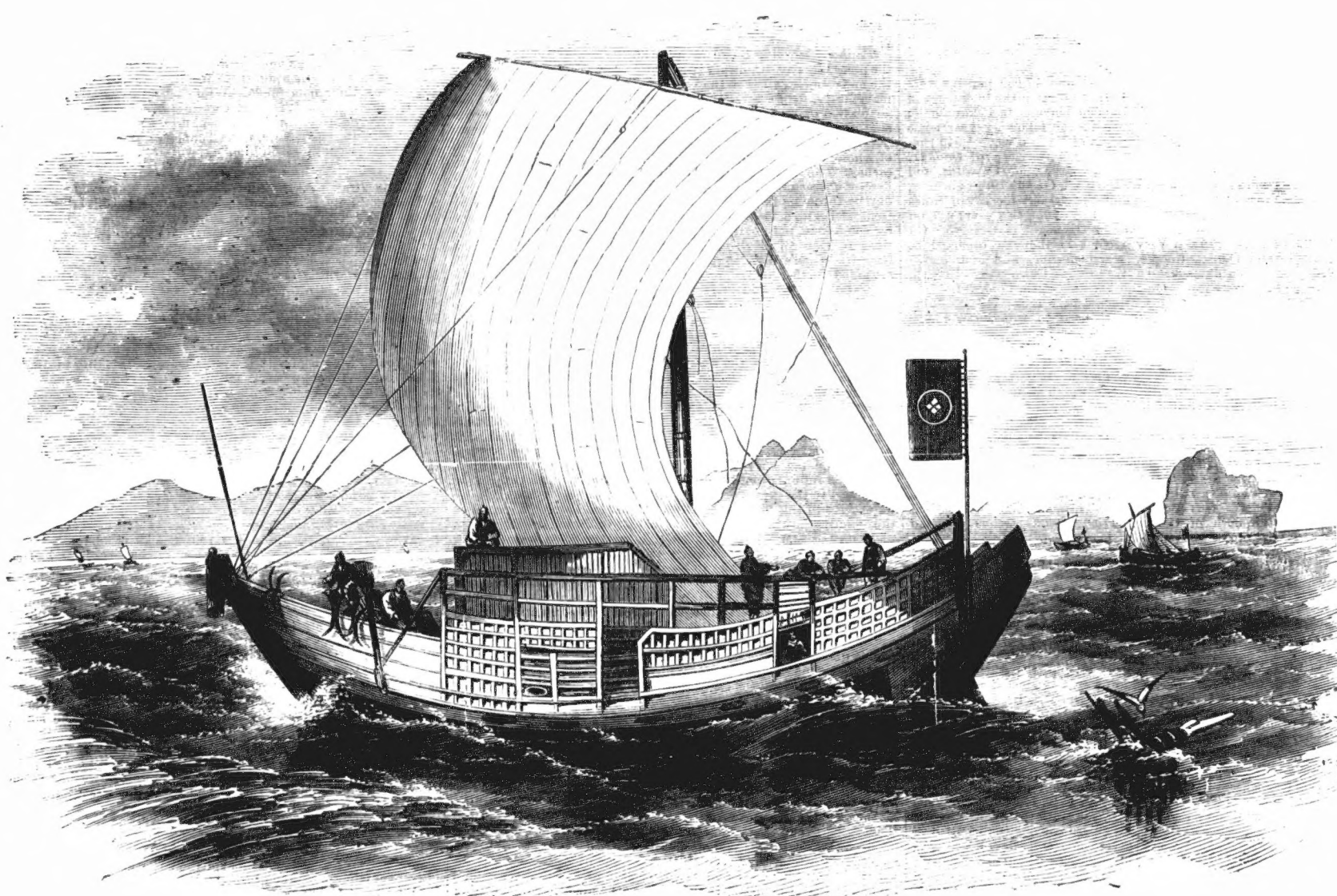
A DON JUAN OF THE ANVIL.—A young fellow named Myers, a blacksmith by trade, was charged before the Liverpool magistrates with robbing Mrs. Mary M'Shain, the wife of an engineer (now in India), of £30. It appeared that Mrs. M'Shain had imprudently encouraged the young man's attentions, and had allowed him to visit her at her house in Greenwich. These visits continued for some time without any criminal circumstances, but on one occasion Myers placed a handkerchief to Mrs. M'Shain's face, and she speedily became insensible. When she recovered she found herself in bed and Myers by her side. He implored her not to divulge his conduct to her friends, and she consented. After this Myers obtained complete ascendancy over her, and he induced her to fly with him to Liverpool with the intention of proceeding to America. While in Liverpool he basely took advantage of the confidence reposed in him, and robbed his mistress of £30, all the money she had; though, according to her statement before the magistrate, he afterwards sent her £2 to pay her expenses to her friends. The prisoner, in his defence, stated that Mrs. M'Shain was *enchantée* when he first knew her, and that she had proposed and insisted upon the elopement. It appears that Mrs. M'Shain has been married about two years, and her husband makes her an allowance of £10 monthly. She appeared bitterly to feel her equivocal and humiliating position. The case was remanded.

A HORRIBLE EXECUTION.—The Algerian papers contain an account of a shocking scene in the province of Oran. A private in the 2nd battalion of Foot Chasseurs, named Boudiere, had been sentenced to death for an attempt at murder and robbery against one of his comrades, and was ordered to be shot at Blidah. He walked resolutely to the place of execution, refused to have his eyes bandaged, knelt down in front of the picket, and himself gave the order to fire. So unsteady was the aim that only four bullets struck him—one in the groin, one shattered his hand, and one fractured each shoulder. He shouted "Malediction, vous m'avez manqué," (Blockheads, you have missed me), and then lay down, his face to the ground. The sergeant came up, put his musket to his ear, and fired, but the piece did not go off. Boudiere then rose, shook his fist at the soldiers, and then lay down again, the crowd meanwhile shouting out, "Grâce! grâce!" The sergeant again fired, but the gun again only snapped. At last a musket was loaded afresh, and he was put out of his pain. The crowd which witnessed this atrocious scene is described as "exasperated," and the execution picket had to be sent to the barracks under escort.

SAVED from sleepless nights, restless days, and months of suffering, by taking a "little cold" in time. Thousands who have taken HALL'S LUNG RESTORER can make use of the above expression, for it is a medicine which never disappoints the sufferer when labouring under cough, asthma, hoarseness, sore throat, or consumption. Sold by most chemists, in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each; or sent to any address, upon receipt of stamps, by the proprietor, T. Hall, chemist, 6, Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E.—[Advertisement.]



VIEW OF CORINTH, AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN 1858. (See page 275.)



SKETCHES IN JAPAN—JAPANESE JUNK. (See page 277.)

JAPAN

RESUMING our sketches of Japan, we have here an engraving of a Japanese junk, which greatly resembles the Chinese in build and material. They are, however, more carefully and strongly framed, and are not so exaggerated in the height of their bows and sterns. They have two great eyes made of glass, and formed after the shape of the human eye, as though to see their way, and it is a matter of some surprise to the Japanese that the European ships have their windows behind, which the Japanese deem reversing the natural order of things. Some of the Japanese junks are very good sea boats, although to an English or American eye they look unsightly. The other illustrations are a Japanese Priest and Japanese Temple. In religion they are said to have no less than thirty-five sects. The greater portion of the people, however, appear to be followers of Buddhism. Temples and pilgrimages, accompanied by a variety of superstitious practices, are very numerous, and many animals (as the dog and cat) are regarded as sacred. Like the people of China, the Japanese observe no Sabbath, but keep as feast certain days connected with the days of the moon.

THE MAIL-BAG ROBBERY BY A LADY.

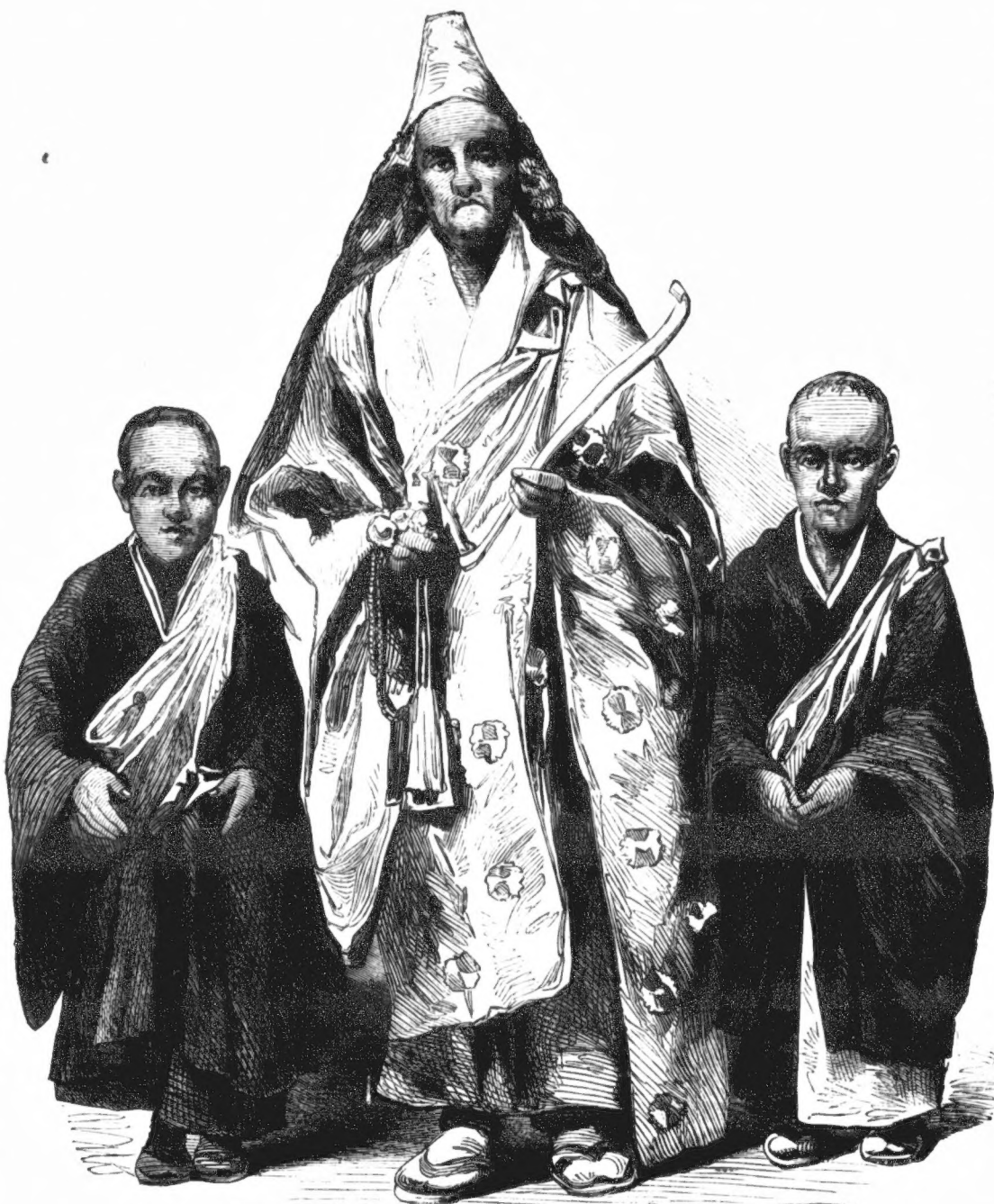
At the Hull Police-court, before Mr. T. H. Travis, stipendiary magistrate, Mrs. Maria Cooke, a married lady, was again placed at the bar, on remand, charged with having stolen the mail-bag from the South Cave Post-office, and stolen a letter therefrom containing cheques to the amount of £747 19s. 7d.

Mr. F. F. Ayre appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Summers for the defence.

James Anson, the postmaster, said that on the evening in question he placed the mail-bag on the shop counter. He left the shop for a few minutes, and on his return the bag was gone. The mail-cart soon after arrived, and news of the robbery was transmitted to Brough and the surrounding villages.

Mrs. Anson gave corroborative evidence. Witness said she fully believed that the bag was stolen from the street door, the passage door having a bell, which must have rung had any one entered by it.

By Mr. Ayre: Witness thought any one might have entered by the passage door without being heard, if they



JAPANESE PRIEST.

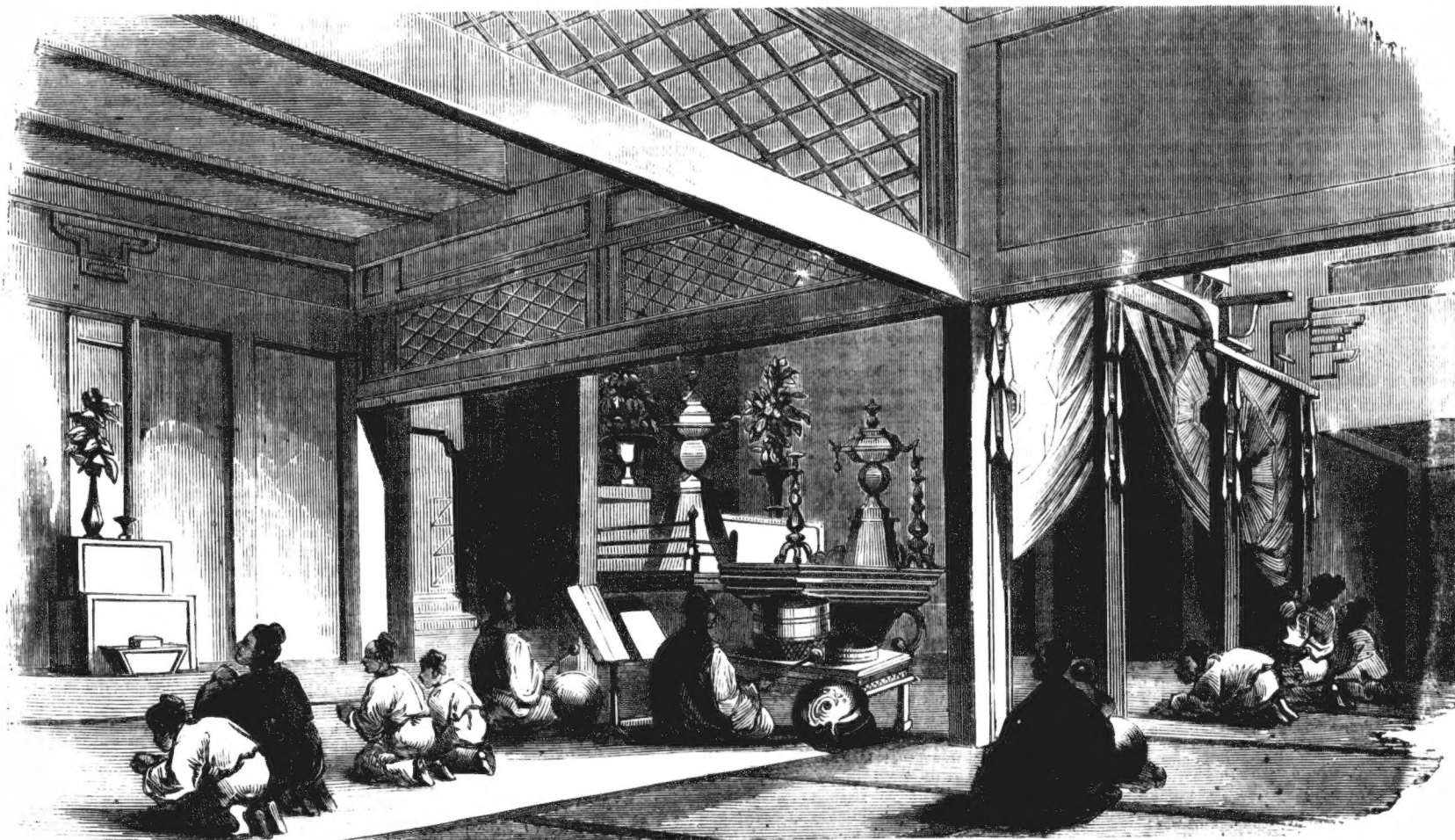
did so gently. She had tried it. She knew the prisoner, who was at her house on Cave fair, in June, 1863. Witness had not received any letter from her for the last two months.

George Martin, farm-servant, of South Cave, said he remembered the 24th of September, and was taking his master's horses to a field on the Brough-road, about half-past seven in the evening, when he met a lady resembling the prisoner. She was running when he first saw her, and when she got up to him she began to walk.

Robert Barrett, cattle dealer, of Swanland, said, on Thursday, the 24th of September, he was returning from Market Weighton, when he saw a woman on the road, and he asked her if she would have a ride. The woman he believed to be the prisoner, who was similarly dressed. She said she would ride, and got into the cart. The woman told him she was going to Hull, and witness gave her a ride as far as Ferriby; there he left her talking to a man named Jenkinson.

Thomas Jenkinson, of North Ferriby, said that on Thursday evening, 4th September, a woman came up to him, and asked where the post-office was, and he told her. She resembled the prisoner, and he had no doubt she was the same person. She went away, and he followed her to the end of the lane leading to the station. He saw her go to the post-office, and put something in at the window. She had a letter in her hand when she came up to him, and was carrying something bulky under her shawl.

John Whitlam, detective police-officer at Hull, stated that on Friday morning, the 25th ult., about a quarter-past ten o'clock, he was standing at the corner of Parliament-street, when he saw two persons come out from the offices of the Yorkshire Banking Company, and look both ways, as if in search of something. They walked sharply through Whitefriargate towards the Land of Green Ginger. Witness followed them, and saw one go up to the prisoner, who was standing there. The other person said to witness that the bank had received information that a post-office bag had been stolen, and cheques to the value of £700 stolen from one of the letters; and that there was reason to believe that the woman had caused one of the cheques to be presented. Witness took her to the bank, and, having been asked some questions by the manager, she was searched, and some of the cheques found upon



JAPANESE TEMPLE.

her. She accounted for their possession by saying that on the previous night she travelled by railway from Hesse, when a gentleman, who was sitting opposite to her, threw the cheques to her, and said she might get some cash for them. Witness asked her what sort of a gentleman he was, and she replied that he was a very tall man, and witness then inquired whether she knew him. She answered in the negative, and added "I should not know him again, as I had never seen him before." Witness asked if she had given anything for the cheques, and she said, "No." He then took her to the police-station, and charged her. She said, "I am as innocent of the robbery as you are."

Some minor details of evidence having been filled up by other witnesses, the prisoner, who, by the advice of Mr. F. Summers, her solicitor, reserved her defence, was fully committed to take her trial at the ensuing assizes.

CHASE AND CAPTURE OF A RUNAWAY CLERK.

SAMUEL HEY PARKER, a young man who had absconded with the sum of £2,500, belonging to his employers, Messrs. Chambers, Holder, and Co., cotton brokers, Tithern-street, has been apprehended at Salisbury by Detective Officer Smith, of the Liverpool force. Smith arrived in Liverpool with his prisoner, when he was brought before Mr. Raffles, at the police-court, and discharged, there being no evidence offered against him by his employers. The robbery, as might be expected, caused considerable gossip in commercial circles, and the interest in it was enhanced some days ago when it was rumoured that three letters, each containing a large sum of money, had been received at the office of his employers from Parker. These letters bore the Birmingham postmark, and each, it is said, contained a £500 Bank of England note. The first letter was addressed to one of Parker's fellow-clerks, and stated that no doubt the recipient would be surprised that he (Parker) had acted in the manner he had done, adding that the party who received the letter might know that he (Parker) would not have done so if he had not been "screwed;" and added that, having done it, he must abide the consequences. The second letter is said to have contained an intimation that Parker meant to take a trip to Wales, and that he might go to America. These letters, as has been stated, were placed in the hands of the police, and afforded them a clue to where Parker was likely to be found. In consequence of this and other information received, Detective Smith proceeded to Basingstoke, in Hampshire, where he found that Parker had been staying at the Red Lion Hotel, where he had changed two £20 notes, and had bought a gold watch and chain, for which he had paid £25. He had put up for a night at the Red Lion, where he had been "doing the liberal thing," giving the chambermaid and barmaid half a guinea each. From the hotel the detective traced him to the railway station, and found that he had taken a second-class ticket for Salisbury, and from inquires he made there he found that Parker was staying at the Angel Hotel. Smith proceeded with all possible despatch to this house, where he apprehended Parker in his bedroom as he was in the act of making his toilet. The officer told Parker he was charged with stealing £2,500, the property of his employers, when he replied, "Smith, I always thought you would take me; but I have done my best to get away." Parker also went on to say that he would never go near London, for it was "the very place to be taken in." He said he was staying in Salisbury in the name of Crawford, and that the people with whom he was residing thought he was "all square." When he thought of leaving Liverpool (he continued) with the £2,500 he went to an office next door to that of his employers and changed a £20 note. He then went to Castle-street, took a cab, and drove to the Bull Hotel, giving to the carman for his fare 13s. and a "few glasses of grog." He then walked to Accrington, and stayed for the night in the cottage of an old woman of poor circumstances, who was receiving 3s. a week from the parish. On the following morning he took the first train to Manchester, and from thence went to Preston, from Preston to Blackpool, and from Blackpool to Blackburn. He did not, however, think he was safe at the latter place, and took train from thence to Birmingham. On going past Warrington Junction he got under the seat of the railway carriage in which he was riding for fear some one would be watching for him there. He arrived in Birmingham about five o'clock in the evening, and after taking some refreshment—his time probably hanging heavy on his hands—he went to the theatre to "while away an hour." As it happened, by a somewhat singular coincidence, the piece which was being performed on the occasion of his visit was one which would not have a tendency to "drive away dull care" from a person situated in the peculiar position that Parker was—namely, the play of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man." Parker, however, seems to have drawn a moral from the representation, for when the scene in the interview between Hawkeham, the detective, and the Ticket-of-Leave Man took place, he was so affected that he went out of the theatre, got three envelopes, and sent £1,500 back to his employers. On the following day he went to Bristol, and from there to Exeter, where he stayed a night. Subsequently he went to Salisbury, where he said he thought he would be safe. He also stated that he meant to have stopped at Salisbury for about a month—until such time as the affair blew over, and then he was to go nicely down to the Isle of Wight, get on board one of the Hamburg boats, and make his way to America. But the inopportune (to him) arrival of Smith deranged all his plans. He told the officer he was repentant for what he had done, and that he would "serve out his time like a man." On searching Parker, Smith found upon him six £50 notes, one £20 note, £18 10s. in gold, and some silver, besides a number of gold sleeve-links, pencil-cases, and other articles of jewellery.

THE late Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Samuel George Bonham, died on the 8th inst, aged sixty years.

DANGEROUS PLAYTHINGS.—A circumstance occurred near Portsmouth on Saturday last, which created no little astonishment in the immediate vicinity of the spot where it took place, and is remarkable for the almost insignificant results which attended it, to what might naturally have been expected. On the north-east shore of Portsmouth harbour, close down to high-water mark, are some half-dozen cottages, known as Rodmore. A lad, dwelling in one of these cottages with his parents, found a few days since on some of the adjacent mud lands of the harbour, at low-water time, an eight-inch spherical shell, which, after considerable labour, he managed to transport to the shore, and deposited it in the garden-plot in front of the cottage. On Saturday, about four p.m., the lad's father being absent from home "shrimping," the former determined to try if his prize was a "loaded" shell, and if so, to let it off. A train of powder was quickly laid to the half-filled fuse aperture in the shell, and the lad at the other end of the small garden fired the train. The shell exploded with a terrific roar. The inmates of the other cottages rushed out of doors in a state of terror. Scarcely a pane of glass was left unbroken, while doors and window sashes were shaken from their fastenings. The cause of the mischief was found lying in the garden, bleeding and rent by the fire from the explosion, but untouched by any of the fragments of the shell itself, which were thrown upwards, and some pieces fell at an immense distance. A baker's boy, passing with his basket of bread in a lane at the back of the cottage, was thrown down by the force of the explosion, and found himself suddenly scrambling among his loaves on the ground. This was the extent of the damage done. The poor boy who fired the shell was conveyed to the Landport Hospital, where his injuries were attended to, and hopes are given of his speedy convalescence.

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE
of peculiar interest, entitled
THE CHIMES; or the BROKEN HEART.
By THE AUTHOR OF "LEONARD LEIGH," &c.,
And Illustrated in the First Style of the Art, by PALMER, commenced in
No. 41 of
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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.				H. W. L. B.		
ANNIVERSARIES.				A. M.	P. M.	
17	S	Houses of Parliament burnt, 1834	...	4 30	4 51	
18	S	20th Sunday after Trinity	...	5 14	5 36	
19	M	King John died, 1216	...	6 2	6 31	
20	T	Sun rises 6h. 33m. Sets 4h. 56m.	...	7 3	17 38	
21	W	Battle of Trafalgar, 1805	...	8 13	9 3	
22	T	Dr. Arnold died, 1802	...	9 46	10 25	
23	F	Irish Massacre, 1641	...	11 4	11 35	
Moon's Changes.—19th, First Quarter, 8h. 6m., p.m.				Sunday Lessons.		
MORNING.				AFTERNOON.		
Joel 2; 2 Eccles. 51.				Micah 6; Job 1.		

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS
Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.
All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Selected manuscripts will not be returned.
TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.
PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A quarter's subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a pink wrapper. Receipts cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.
WILLS.—The duties on legacies and on succession to real property.—Where the legatee or successor shall be the lineal issue or lineal ancestor of the predecessor or deceased, a duty of £1 per cent. upon such value. Where the legatee or successor shall be a brother or sister, or a descendant of a brother or sister of the predecessor or deceased, a duty of £3 per cent. upon such value. Where the legatee or successor shall be a brother or sister of the father or mother, or a descendant of a brother or sister of the father or mother of the predecessor or deceased, a duty of £5 per cent. upon such value. Where the legatee or successor shall be a brother or sister of the grandfather or grandmother, or a descendant of the brother or sister of the grandfather or grandmother of the predecessor or deceased, a duty of £6 per cent. upon such value. Where the legatee or successor shall be in any other degree of collateral consanguinity to the predecessor or deceased, than is herebefore described, or shall be a stranger in blood to him, a duty of £10 per cent. upon such value. **LEGACY TO husband or wife exempt.**
SCOTTIC.—The Mohammedans are enjoined by the Koran to provide property for the poor; and this ordinance is more observed by the followers of the Prophet than is a similar one contained in the Bible by the Jewish Christians communities.
CIVIL.—Thomas A. Beckett was killed in 1170, in Canterbury Cathedral. His tomb, the spot where he was stricken down, and some spots which are said to be there of his blood, are shown to the visitors of that edifice.

GRATIS! GRATIS! GRATIS!
No. 1 of a NEW TALE of intense interest, by the Author of "Edith the Captive," and entitled

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THREE NUMBERS GIVEN AWAY!
On Saturday, October 24th, will be published Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of a New Sensational Tale of **LONDON LIFE**, of peculiar novel and thrilling interest, entitled,

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OR,
LONDON FIFTY YEARS AGO.
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THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.
REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

CHARGES of incompetence and blundering are raining on the heads of the Government of Washington, as after every reverse, and Mr. Lincoln comes in for his share of blame for the lost battle of Chancellorsville. He withdrew 40,000 men from the army of the Potomac to enforce the conscription in New York, and Lee immediately detached Longstreet and his corps to Tennessee. If the movement really enabled the Confederates to strike their blow at Chattanooga, the conscription at New York was carried out at a heavier cost than was anticipated. In addition to the heavy list of killed and wounded, it now appears that the Confederates captured in the late battle 7,000 prisoners, thirty-six cannon, twenty-five colours, and 15,000 small arms. The Northern account of the loss is not yet made up. But, had it been still greater, New York would have forgotten it in the fever of its last excitement. A fleet of seven Russian ships-of-war has appeared in the harbour, with the effect of producing a slight craze in the

public mind, or in those who are allowed to express the popular feeling. The most tremendous consequences are deduced from an incident that may be very simply explained. The distance is still very great between a few Russian ships putting into an American port and the offensive alliance between the two flags that is to exterminate and sweep away from the face of the earth France, England, and, we presume, every other State of Europe. On this side of the ocean we do not like the mode in which the ancient Poland is being destroyed, nor that in which a new Poland on the Western Continent is to be created, circumstances permitting. So we are all included in the dreadful threats of combined Russian and American vengeance, and ought to "tremble intensely" at what is likely to fall upon us. But we do not feel the slightest alarm. Paris is not the least dismayed by the predicted ruin of France; and though London felt a tremor at the beginning of last week, we do not believe it was from any shock sent through the submarine cable in anticipation of the Arabia's news. What the Russians have consulted in this matter is not American politics or passions, but their own convenience and the almanack. Even without any reference to the calendar, every Russian knows that the fleet could not reach the Neva this year before the navigation of the Baltic is closed by frost. Prussia has no harbour to place at the disposal of the Emperor. The differences with Austria practically close the Adriatic and Trieste. The services of the English and French dockyards have often been employed on Russian ships, but in the present state of affairs the Russian Government might not feel disposed to apply for what, as a point of international courtesy, is never refused. Nor would it be so now, for, strange as it may appear in New York, we are not lashing ourselves into a rapid fury against the Russian people. In matters that lie outside the Polish difficulties, the Governments of France, England, and Russia are acting together. The new King of Greece will embark for Athens on board a Russian ship-of-war, and in his voyage will be accompanied by the French and English flags. That the Russian squadron of the Eastern Ocean should winter in an American port to escape the ice of the Baltic, and be so much nearer its cruising ground in spring, is a very natural circumstance. To build on it such direful consequences to all the world that is not American, is absurdity too wild even for a stump orator.

THE man who lives to an extreme old age undergoes many evils from which his more short-lived contemporaries are exempt. He drinks the cup of life to the dregs; neither temperance nor strength of constitution can exempt him from that period of languor and debility which are in themselves a disease; and even should his faculties escape shipwreck amid the decay of his physical powers, their preservation only serves to make more bitter and intense the consciousness that he has survived his former self. For such miseries there should be a compensation, and that compensation perhaps is to be found in the greater fairness and candour with which mankind are disposed to look upon his conduct and character. Men outlive prejudices and slanders, as they do health, strength, beauty, and eloquence. Prejudices are softened, animosities are subdued, mistakes are corrected, and when one who has stood so long on the brink of the grave sinks at last into his final resting-place, it would seem that the passions and enmities excited by his more active years have already preceded him to that place of oblivion. The venerable nobleman whose death we record would have been treated very differently by most of his biographers, had he died during the period of his greatest forensic or political activity. It is strange to think that there so lately dwelt among us a man who was born in America while Massachusetts was a British colony, who heard Erskine's great speech in defence of Hardy, who visited Washington at Mount Vernon, who prosecuted Queen Caroline on her memorable trial, who had been Solicitor and Attorney-General, Master of the Rolls, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and three times Lord Chancellor, and who held the Great Seal six-and-thirty years ago, before Lord Palmerston was a Cabinet Minister, or the Queen, who has reigned over us for six-and-twenty years without a regency, had left the nursery, and who, up to the last few weeks of his life, was the charm of his social circle and the trusted adviser and mentor of a great political party. Lord Lyndhurst died full of honours, but these honours have not been achieved prematurely. From the time when he was first Smith's prizeman in 1794 till the day when he received the Great Seal in 1827, every step which he made in life was the result of unwearied industry and superior talents. Every step that such men make is sure to be heavily earned. It was not till the age of five-and-forty that he entered the House of Commons, and he had long passed the age of seventy before his reputation can be said to have culminated. Although his success as a lawyer had pushed him into the political arena in stormy and difficult times, when it was impossible for a man of his intellectual stature and fearless temperament to play a secondary or vacillating part, his intellectual faculties were cast in a sterner and severer mould than those which are ordinarily devoted to political struggles. He possessed no extraordinary flexibility of voice, no power of working upon the passions of others by first exciting his own, no brilliant play of fancy, no soaring flight of imagination; but he had powers infinitely rarer, and powers to an educated audience infinitely more persuasive. No doubt, every subject that came under his powerful and scrutinizing mind was submitted to the keenest and most searching analysis, but that analysis once made, every trace of it disappeared. Let the question be ever so intricate or complicated, when Lord Lyndhurst applied himself to expound it it became clear, simple, and easy. The effect which he produced on his audience was that there was but one possible view of the subject, and that that view was before them. Nor was this art of making difficult things easy in the slightest degree due to a superficial treatment. The difficulties were not evaded. They were met without flinching, and overthrown without effort. It was said of Sir John Copley at the bar that his statement was worth anybody else's argument. No speaker of the present day carried to so great a perfection that last triumph of oratorical skill, a perfectly clear and logical arrangement. He disdained ornament, exaggeration, or metaphor, his language was clear, precise, and elegant, but such as might have been expected rather from a contemporary of Demosthenes than an English orator of the nineteenth century.

The Court.

ACCIDENT TO THE QUEEN.

On the Queen's return from Alt-na-Guthassach with Princess Louis of Hesse and Princess Helena, the coachman mistook the road and the carriage turned on its side, by which the Queen and Princesses were thrown out, but were merely slightly bruised, and rode home on hill ponies.

The Queen walked and drove the next morning, accompanied by the Crown Princess and Princess Louis of Hesse, and in the afternoon, accompanied by Princess Helena.

The Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, accompanied by Prince Frederick and Princess Dagmar, arrived in town on Saturday afternoon from the Continent. Their royal highnesses were met at the Victoria Railway Station by the King of the Greeks and the Prince and Princess of Wales (attended by Captain Grey and the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey) who accompanied their royal highnesses to Marlborough House, where they arrived at ten minutes past two o'clock.

The King of the Greeks, the Prince of Wales, Prince Christian of Denmark, and Prince Frederick, attended by Captain Grey, Captain Lund, and Captain Castenschjold, went to the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, on Monday afternoon. The Princess of Wales, the Princess Christian of Denmark, and the Princess Dagmar took a drive in an open carriage in the afternoon. The King of the Greeks, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, Prince Frederick, and Princess Dagmar, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Grey, Countess Reventlow, Captain Grey, Lieutenant Funch, Captain Lund, and Captain Castenschjold, honoured the performance at the Covent Garden Opera on Monday evening with their presence.

The Right Hon. Sir George Grey left his seat, Faldoun, Northumbria, on Monday for Scotland, to attend the Queen.

On Tuesday the Queen was present at the opening of the Aberdeen memorial to the late Prince Consort. The figure represents the late Prince Consort seated with the robe of the Thistle over a field-marshal's uniform, while he holds in his hand a scroll, intended to represent the address delivered by the late lamented Prince at Aberdeen, on the occasion of his presiding over the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

THE *New York Herald* of the 29th ult. has the following:—

"The latest advices from General Rosenkrantz, dated Sunday afternoon, state that the rebels had not made any attack since the 21st inst., and that he did not fear they would make one at that late date. General Meigs, who is with the army of the Cumberland, declares his position 'cannot be taken short of a regular siege, which Bragg does not seem to be attempting.'"

News from Knoxville up to Thursday, 24th inst., had been received at Cincinnati, and it is there stated that General Burnside still had his headquarters at that place. The rebel forces in East Tennessee appear to be quiet, and no danger is apprehended.

Great popular sympathy is evinced towards the officers and men of the Russian fleet, which it is reported will remain at New York many months. A dinner has been given to the Russian admiral at the Metropolitan Hotel. The admiral made a speech, in which, referring to Russia, he expressed a hope that present circumstances would end peacefully. He said:—

"The Emperor, from the beginning of his reign, sought only peace. He diminished the army and navy and stopped the work on the fortifications, and the people of Russia gave themselves to peaceful pursuits. Russia did not think of war. She desired the prosperity of herself and of all the world—France and England, and every other nation. But I believe it to be the duty of every people to defend its integrity—either to live as a nation or to die. There is no middle ground. I hope that the present circumstances will end peacefully; but, let what will happen, the same people who felt so peaceful a short time ago are now ready for any sacrifice; and, just as we could see Moscow burned, so shall we not shrink from burning St. Petersburg if necessary. If foreign nations are for peace with us, we shall receive it on honourable terms, and bless our God for that peace."

A speaker named Walbridge observed that Russia, in sending a fleet to New York, wished to have it where, at a given signal, it could sweep English and French commerce from the seas.

EXECUTION OF A WORKMAN IN WARSAB.

THE execution of Alger, one of the workmen employed in the factory of Evans and Co., for manufacturing grenades, took place in the court-yard of the building on Saturday. All the workmen of the factory were compelled by the police to be witnesses of the fate of their comrade. At half-past nine the condemned man, under military escort, entered the factory yard, the gates of which were immediately closed against the crowd collected in the streets. Only two or three favoured persons were admitted, among others the English consul-general, Colonel Stanton, and Mr. Ran, the partner of Messrs. Evans. Messrs. Evans' brothers having returned to England two years ago. At ten o'clock precisely firing was heard. Two rounds were fired subsequently at certain intervals, the first probably not having taken effect. The corpse was then carried away, and the persons collected in the streets very shortly dispersed. It is understood that Alger met his fate with determination, and ejected an offer of pardon upon condition of denouncing his accomplices, made upon the place of execution; he leaves a wife and two children. The proprietors of the factory were condemned by General Berg to pay a fine of 15,000 roubles; but the English consul protesting against the injustice of the order, and representing that, owing to Mr. Evans' absence in England at the time the manufacture of the grenades took place, it was impossible that he could have any complicity in the affair, the decree was cancelled. To obviate the belief of this unusual leniency being in any way owing to foreign interference, the chief of the police published the following order in the *Police Gazette*:—"It was announced that a fine of 15,000 roubles had been imposed upon the proprietors of the iron foundry carried on by Messrs. Evans and Co., for having permitted the preparation of hand grenades, despite the regulations of the state of siege; and the factory would remain closed until the aforesaid fine was paid. Upon the representation, however, of his excellency the Chief of the Third Division of Gendarmerie, that Mr. Evans and the other proprietors in the foundry, as quiet citizens, were not aware of the manufacture of the grenades (the number of which was only small), that the workmen in the factory took no share whatever therein, and, further, that the regulations of the state of siege rendering employers responsible for their workpeople had not at that time been published, his excellency, the *ad interim* governor, General Berg, has been pleased to order that Mr. Evans be relieved from the payment of the fine of 15,000 roubles, and that his factory be again opened for the transaction of business.—Signed, Major-General LEWZU."

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA AT BALMOREAL.

THE illustration in the front page represents the Prince and Princess of Prussia, now on a visit to the Queen, at Balmoral, riding together through the woody retreats surrounding the royal residence.

LORD LYNDBURST.

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, BARON LYNDBURST, who died on Monday morning, aged ninety-two, would have been remarkable, even if he had been a much less able man than he was, as an imported statesman and lawyer, imported, too, from a democratic republic. No censure is intended in this statement of a fact. He was no political renegade. He was born before the separation of the American colonies, and never had the least tendency to Republicanism in him. He was Tory to the heart's core. His being born so far from the focus of royalty was a mistake of Nature, which she rectified by bringing him at last to be the Keeper of the King's Conscience in that mother country to which his family clung with true royalist zeal.

The first revolutionary act, clear and determinate, of the American colonists was throwing a certain notorious cargo of tea into Boston harbour, to prevent the payment of duty on it. The consignee of the tea would not promise to send it back to England. He was supported by the governor, of course. The citizens placed a guard over the tea that it might not be stolen; and when no other means could avail, to prevent its being landed, a band of them, disguised, threw it into the sea. The tea-merchant in this case was Richard Clarke, the grandfather of Lord Lyndhurst. He was so staunch a royalist that he removed to England on the establishment of American independence. His daughter had married Copley, the artist, in Massachusetts; and when the Copleys also came to England, their son, John, was about nine years old. He was born in or about 1770. His father was not much liked by anybody; but his mother was amiable, generous, and tender-hearted. When John, as a young lawyer, went over to his native country about some land business for his father, his townsmen at Boston admired his appearance, his manners, and his talents, and foretold his being a great man; but they pronounced him to be more like his father than his mother in character. He inspired little trust, and was fond of money.

He was destined to get on, both by his better and his worse qualities; by his energy, courage, and resource, as well as by his Tory leanings. It was not at once that he found his place, though perhaps the means he took were the best for bringing him into it. He denounced the Liverpool, Castlereagh, and St. James's Ministry so ably and vigorously, that he was worth propitiating; in 1818 he came into parliament for a Government borough, and immediately rendered service on the subject of the Alien Bill, where he answered Romilly, and was answered by Mackintosh. It was a position for an honest politician to be proud of, and for an unsound one to dread. But John Copley dreaded nothing. He was then Mr. Serjeant Copley, with a rich practice. The next year we find him Sir John Copley, Knight, and Solicitor-General. In 1823 he was Attorney-General, and in 1826 Master of the Rolls. In 1827 he appeared as "a Canningite" in the short Administration of the dying statesman; but there was no fear of his being at all better disposed towards the Catholics than his predecessor, Lord Eldon. He was made Baron Lyndhurst, and took his seat on the woolsack, but he was one of the three (the two others being Lords Bexley and Angell) who were cited as security that the Canning Cabinet would not propose Catholic emancipation. He had very recently declared that if the parliamentary oath which excluded the Catholics was necessary in 1793 it was necessary still. He was looked to for good service in reforming the Court of Chancery, having at first proposed some small reforms, and then accelerated the business there by the appointment of an additional judge, and having again brought in a Bill with that object during the short interval of his being Master of the Rolls. The Bill was lost by the illness of Lord Liverpool breaking up the Government. He remained on the woolsack during the various changes of administration of 1827 and 1828, and descended from it only to yield the seat to Lord Brougham, on the advent of the Grey Ministry. It ought to be remembered that Lord Lyndhurst, during this first period of his Chancellorship, set on foot the inquiries, out of which grew such reform in the case of lunatics as we have yet obtained. He issued a circular, which required from all keepers of lunatic asylums of every sort an exact return of their patients, and their class and condition in regard to their malady. The replies to these circulars first brought in the information which was necessary for further action.

His great deed, that which exhibited at once his courage and his convictions, was throwing out the Reform Bill, by his curious motion to postpone the disfranchisement to the enfranchisement proposed by the Bill. On this motion he united the Conservatives and the waverers in the Lords, and thus he obtained a majority of thirty-five. This was on the celebrated 7th of May, 1832, and thereupon the Political Unions assembled at Birmingham, pledged their faith, and sang their hymn. Lord Lyndhurst thus overthrew the Ministry, and showed his determination to consider the House of Lords as the "citadel of the constitution," as the *Quarterly Review* was then declaring it, and to preserve it, with all its ancient rights and abuses, or forfeit the monarchy altogether. Of course, he was immediately the most unpopular man in England. He bore his evil fame with great resolution, aided therein by his profound contempt for popular opinion, as much as by his strong Conservative tendencies. The amazement among his American relations and acquaintances was unexpressed; and the contempt felt by democratic republicans towards one who had gone forth from among them, as if on purpose to shut the doors of parliament against a nation, was quite as strong as the rage of English reformers. Both the rage and contempt were of more weight than they otherwise would have been from the absence of respect for the man, who about this time exposed himself to so much doubt and disrepute that his reception in private society was no more flattering to his feelings than that which he met in the streets. The apparent indifference with which he accepted any diversity of treatment inspired some sort of respect for his courage, in the midst of all the reprobation. The commonest saying about him at that time was, that if ever there was a brow of brass, it was his. Reform, however, was carried in spite of him, and he was on the woolsack again before the end of 1834. In his place both as Lord Chancellor and as mere peer, he was diligent and consummately able in business. He was the greatest lawyer in the country; and he was capable of vast labour. In appeal cases he rendered most valuable services, and was certainly the most formidable enemy the Whigs had in the Lord's house—not even excepting his friend Brougham. The two together were overwhelming. On the dissolution of the Peel Ministry of 1835, the Great Seal was in commission, till it was given to Lord Cottenham, some months after. In August, 1836, Lord Lyndhurst made the speech which is perhaps the best remembered of any he ever made—that in which, reviewing the results of the session, he exposed the incapacity of the Whigs, and certainly covered them with shame.

In 1841 he was appointed Chancellor for the third time, and remained so till the breaking up of the Peel Ministry, after the repeal of the Corn-laws in 1846. The High Stewardship of Cambridge University had been an object of ambition to him, and he was elected to the office in 1840, having a majority of nearly five hundred votes over his opponent, Lord Lyttelton. He was now growing old; and, though he was still the handsomest of Lord Chancellors, infirmity was creeping upon him. After he left office he was blind for a considerable time, from cataract; but his sight was restored; and he came forth again, at nearly eighty years of age, as if he had taken a new lease of life.

Two powerful speeches, one on the policy of Prussia during the Russian war, and one on Earl Clarendon's policy in 1856, belong to the last era of Lyndhurst's public life. His last great efforts were in defence of the privileges of the House of Lords, supposed to be infringed by the creation of Lord Wensleydale's peerage for life, and the Paper Duty Repeal Bill. He also delivered some splendid speeches in favour of Italian independence.

Lord Lyndhurst had very agreeable manners. With a fine

person, eminent ability, vast information, a cool temper, much natural energy and cheerfulness, he was a delightful companion to those whom his qualities could satisfy. When the interest of old age was added, his faults met with gentle treatment, if not forgiveness. Still his greatest admirers will not deny that their feeling is admiration more than esteem.

Lord Lyndhurst was twice married. His first wife was Sarah Gery, the daughter of Mr. Charles Brunson, and widow of Colonel Thomas, who fell at Waterloo. By this marriage Lord Lyndhurst had a son and four daughters. The son, John Singleton, born in August, 1842, died in September, 1825. His eldest daughter, Sarah, was born and died in 1820. Another daughter, the Hon. Susan Penelope Copley, born 23rd July, 1822, died 9th May, 1837. The eldest survivor of his daughters is the Hon. Sarah Elizabeth, born 16th March, 1821, who married Jan. 8, 1850, Mr. Henry John Selwin, the unsuccessful Conservative candidate for Malden at the last general election, and eldest son of Sir J. Y. Ibbetson-Selwin, of Down Hall, Essex; and the other, the Hon. Sophia Clarence, born April 15, 1828, married Mr. Hamilton Beckett on the 14th of December, 1854. Lady Lyndhurst died in Paris on the 15th of January, 1834, at the Hotel du Rhin, Place de Vendôme, and on the 5th of August, 1837, his lordship married, in Paris, Georgiana, daughter of Mr. Louis Goldsmith, by whom he leaves issue an only daughter, Georgiana, 11th May, 1838, and married 26th June, 1863, to Mr. Charles du Cane, M.P. for North Essex.

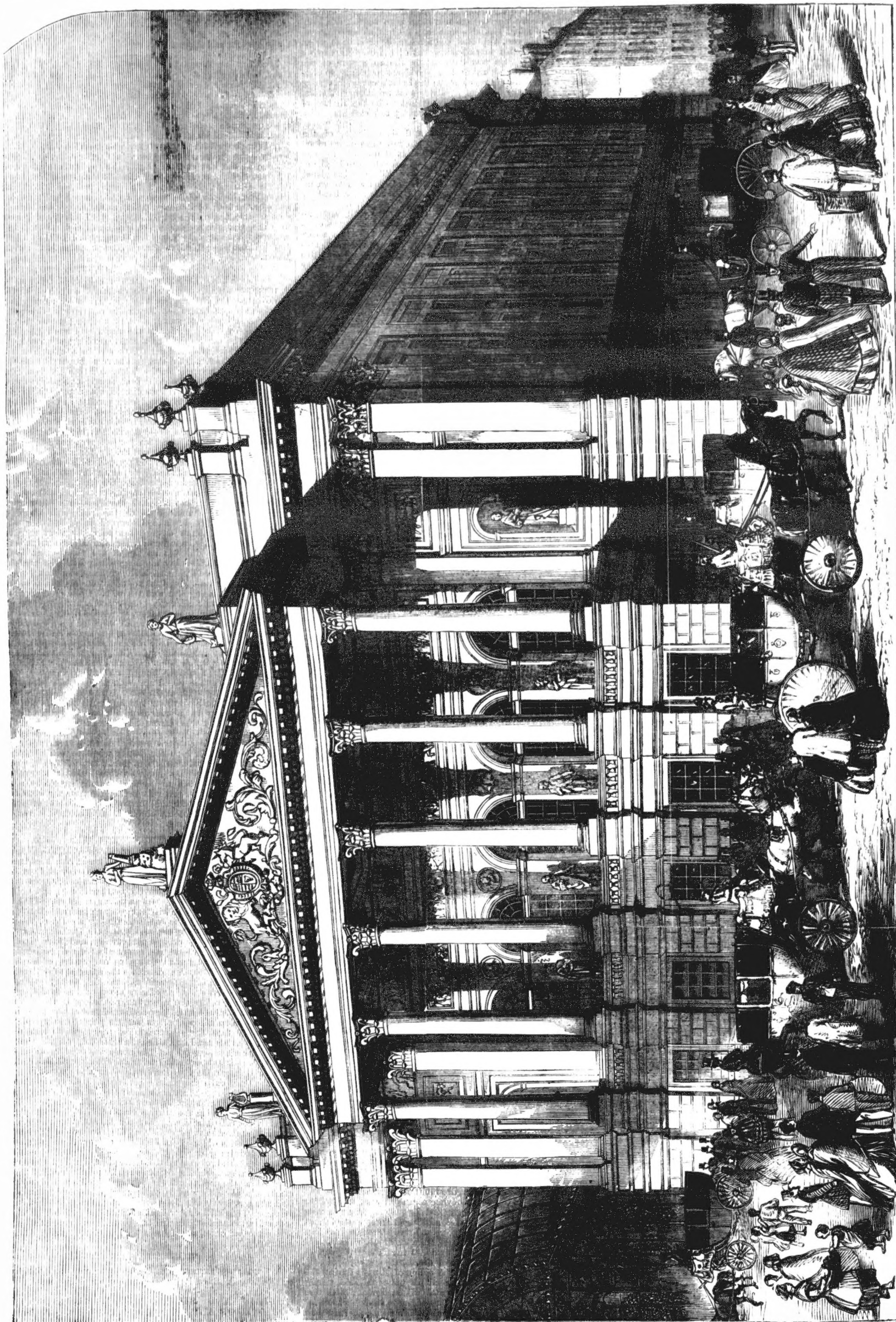
SHOCKING AFFAIRS AT SHIELDS.

A homicidal mania seems to have seized the Irish population of the North. On Saturday morning an Irishman named Terence Quin was placed before the Newcastle magistrates, charged with killing a fellow-countryman, a week ago, in Scotswood-road, in that town, by stabbing him in the neck. He was remanded, but at the time he was at the bar a most shocking affair occurred in this town, which is almost certain to end in a charge of murder against the offender, as the surgeons have no hopes that the woman will live. A pensioner named Thomas Booth lived in Church-street, North Shields, he having been twenty-two years in the 36th Regiment before he received his discharge and pension. He is an Irishman, and his wife is also of Irish parents, and he followed the occupation of shoemaker in Church-street. He has been married some years, but recently he and his wife have led a drunken, dissipated life. Two months ago his wife left him on account of his ill-usage, and went to live with her mother; but he, having received his quarter's pension on Friday fortnight, went to her mother's on the next Sunday, and persuaded his wife to return and live with him again, and from their return until this morning they have been drinking and quarrelling. On Thursday evening week, the woman applied to the police for protection, stating, as her appearance proved, that she had been beaten by her husband, and she displayed her gown to the policeman on duty in evidence, also, that he had attempted to wound her with a knife. The policeman advised her to apply next morning to the magistrates for a warrant for the apprehension of her husband, but she did not appear at the police-court to lodge a complaint. On Saturday morning, about half-past ten o'clock, Booth went to a public-house and purchased and took home with him a gill of whisky, and immediately on his return a fearful quarrel arose between him and his wife. Cries of distress arose, but no one durst go near the house, until a water-woman, named Elizabeth Garritt, came to the door, which she opened, and went in. She immediately observed a quantity of blood upon the floor, and Booth's wife lying upon a shake-down bed with her husband kneeling upon her. He held a shoemaker's sharp-pointed knife in his hand, which was covered with blood, and he attempted to thrust it into his wife's neck. Garritt exclaimed, "Booth, what are you doing? You'll be hung for this." He replied, "No, I won't." His wife then called upon Garritt for God's sake to come and save her, and with much courage and firmness the woman closed in upon Booth and held him fast until his wife crept away and found shelter in a neighbour's house. Booth afterwards skulked away, and was captured in about half an hour afterwards crouching in a back yard. Booth's wife, immediately after she got into the neighbour's house, fainted, and as she had the appearance of having been desperately wounded medical assistance was sent for. Dr. Emerson and Mr. Burt, of the dispensary, shortly after arrived. Dr. Emerson found that there were two wounds in the woman's abdomen apparently caused by a sharp pointed knife. The bowels were protruding from the wounds, and there was a great loss of blood. The woman was almost pulseless and apparently at the point of death. She somewhat recovered under the use of stimulants.

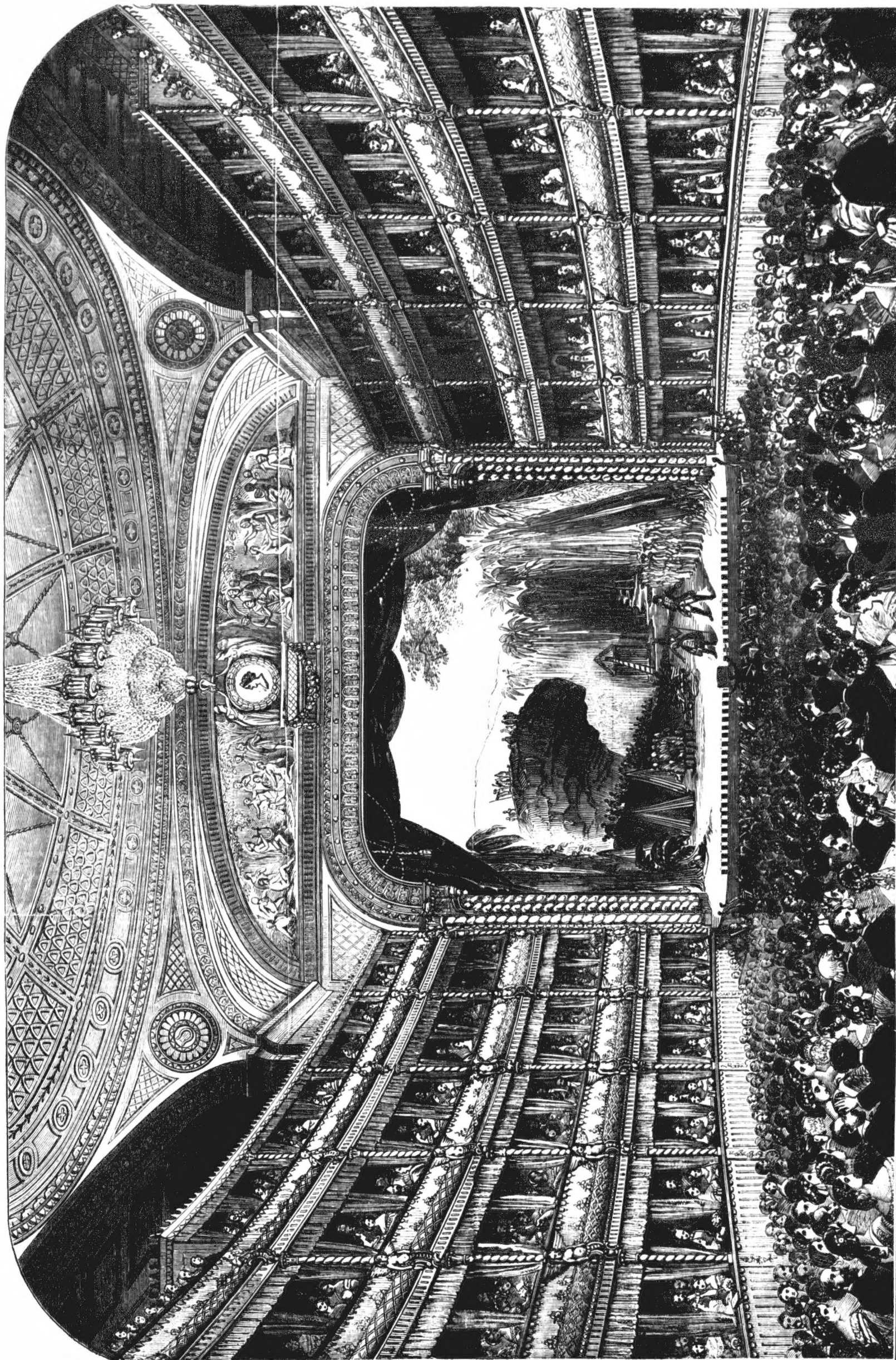
EXECUTION OF NEGROES FOR MASSACRING WHITES.

SOME time since an account was reproduced from the American papers, detailing the murder of an entire family at Compromise Landing, on the Mississippi, by a band of lawless negroes wearing the Federal uniform. The persons murdered consisted of Major Beckham, an aged man, who was an officer in the war of 1812; his son, Frank Beckham, with his four young children—Laura, Kate, Caroline, and Richard—the last-named being a child of the tender age of two years. Ten of the assassins were at the time captured red-handed by a body of Federal cavalry, and have since been tried. Three of them have had sentence of death passed against them, and were executed at Columbus on the 3rd of September. A newspaper correspondent describes the scene at the execution:—"It was half an hour past meridian, according to my watch, when the three prisoners and their officers mounted the scaffold. 'Corporal Jim,' just before the execution, not knowing the white caps would be presented for the purpose, asked one of the preachers to put his hand in his pocket, get out his pocket-handkerchief, and envelope his face. The handkerchief was given to him, and he clutched it in his hand still when the coffin lid, half an hour later, closed over his lifeless body. The noose was adjusted around each prisoner's neck at about a quarter to one o'clock, their limbs securely tied together, and the two provost-marshals also descended, leaving only the three culprits upon the platform. Then it was that Captain Williams stepped forward upon the ladder and quickly removed the slender peg that stood between them and eternity. The drop fell instantly, leaving the negroes suspended, slightly swaying and horribly convulsed, mid air. Ray, the lighter of the three and the younger, seemed to suffer but little. He gave two or three convulsive movements of the chest, his limbs contracted and relaxed, and his dead body hung limp and lifeless by the neck, the vertebrae of which must have been broken almost instantly. Stevenson was similarly affected, but struggled nearly three minutes ere he reached the same conclusion. But 'Corporal Jim,' either from the fact of his greater constitutional hold upon life, or that his fall had been made shorter than the rest, lived fully five minutes, all the while his body undergoing most frightful contortions. At the end of this time his body was still a moment—there was one powerful heave of that massive and muscular chest, and he was still, probably having died from suffocation."

A CAPITAL WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencil, and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]



COMMENCEMENT OF THE ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA SEASON.—EXTERIOR OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY. (See page 282.)



INTERIOR OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—PERFORMANCE OF WALLACE'S NEW OPERA, "THE DESERT FLOWER." BEFORE THE KING OF GREECE AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES. (See page 282.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—The season, according to previous announcement, was duly inaugurated on Monday with a performance of Mr. W. V. Wallace's new opera, "The Desert Flower." The statement in the morning papers that his Majesty the King of the Greeks, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and members of the Danish royal family would honour the theatre with their presence, added to the public excitement and desire to obtain admission to the house, the result being by far the largest audience ever assembled within it. The scene to the occupants of the royal box must have been highly impressive. The libretto of the opera is the joint production of Messrs. A. Harris and F. Williams, who have derived their plot from an opera comique, called "Jaquarita l'Indienne," and which was brought out with music composed by Halévy at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, in 1855. The scene is laid near Suvaia (Greece) about the end of the last century, and the action of the first act takes place before the dwelling of Eva, the mistress of a plantation which seems to be threatened by the Anakowias, a troublesome Indian tribe, who greatly disturb the colonists. The action opens with a chorus of welcome to a French officer, Major Hector Van Pumpernickle, who arrives with his troop to protect them from the savage marauders. The Major (Mr. H. Corri) is excessively cowardly, but circumstances occur that endow him with the reputation of a hero. Associated with him is Captain Maurice (Mr. W. Harrison), the cousin of the young oracle, Eva (Miss Susan Fyne), who owns the adjacent property, and who has given a ball in honour of the arrival of the military. The Indians have a trusty spy in one of their chiefs, who, under the name of Casgan (Mr. W. H. Weiss), is appropriately engaged in commercial transactions with the Dutch colonists as a trader. To aid some design that is not clearly revealed, he effects to bring as a prisoner to the plantation Onita (Miss Louise Fyne), the Queen of the Indian tribe, described as uniting the grace and beauty of a young gazelle with the courage of a lioness. By a reference to the mysterious oracle, Onita has been warned that two warriors, "chiefs of the palefaces," would come to do battle with the Anakowias, and that the one who will bear the lantern in advance of his comrades is the braver—wondrous penetration of the oracular Pythoness—who must be slain by one of their most expert marksmen, or the existence of their race is threatened. Onita first experimentalises with the Major, but his poltroonery is too obvious to allow her to believe he is likely to be the leader with the lantern, and Maurice, whose courtesy has charmed her, she is reluctant to identify with the enemy who has been predicted. Whilst the military advance against her subjects, the Queen of the tribe eludes her captors, and with the crafty Casgan, she awaits the approach of the soldiers in the depths of a forest, where the Indians lie in ambush. Chance has again favoured the cowardly Major, and a pistol accidentally discharged has destroyed the fatal marksman who was to have picked off the leader of the troop. Thus recognised as a hero against his will, Pumpernickle is receiving the congratulations of his comrades when the disappointed Queen returns, and is devising some scheme for meeting her opponents. Maurice has, however, made an impression on her heart, and she consents to have an interview with him alone. The jealousy of the chief Casgan is aroused, and he surrounds the lovers with his band, Maurice believing he has been betrayed by her he has loved, and Onita submitting to the charge of treachery rather than suffer him to lose his life, which would be sacrificed by Casgan if she proclaimed her innocence. In the last act, Onita offers to become his bride, that she may secure him from peril; but, as the condition is that the bridegroom must change his faith, and he refuses, Maurice is condemned to perish as a burnt offering to the idols he has indignantly spurned. Onita, who contrives to release him, and urges him to escape, is doomed to take his place, and the sentence is on the point of being carried out, when Maurice returns with his troop in sufficient numbers to gain a rapid but decisive victory, and whilst the crafty Casgan is shot as he attempts to wreak his vengeance upon her, the lovers are united, and the curtain descends upon prospective matrimonial bliss. The music is throughout graceful and effective. There were numerous encores, and many of the songs will undoubtedly become highly popular. Possibly the most catching air—and that will speedily find its way into all musical households and street organs—is one by Mr. Weiss, "While Wandering through the Woods so Dear." An imitative song, "The Woodbird's Lay," rendered by Miss Fyne in a manner perfectly marvellous for its daring feats of vocalisation performed, and the precision and facility with which they were executed, and a ballad by the same lady, "Why Throbbeth this Heart with Rapture New?" will be recognised as the chief morceaux of the opera. Mr. Harrison has likewise one or two songs that will and numerous admirers. The orchestra, under Mr. Mellon, contributed, as they invariably do, much to the success; whilst the important part, the scenery by Mr. Grise, is a marvel of the art. "The Desert Flower" will worthily rank among the recent operas produced by the spirited lessees.

DRURY LANE.—The long announced production of Lord Byron's "Manfred" took place on Saturday. Public expectation, raised to the highest pitch by the rumours of the lavish expenditure of the lessees on this tragedy, caused the theatre to be as densely crowded previous to the rising of the curtain as we ever remember to have seen it, and we are told a similar number were necessarily denied admission. Old playgoers will recollect the first representation of "Manfred," at Covent-garden Theatre, in 1834, with all the aid that the then lessee, Mr. Bunn, could derive from a strong cast, &c. Mr. Denvil was the Manfred, and for thirty odd nights the tragedy retained possession of the boards; and to such the revival of Saturday must have been by comparison something to wonder at. Thirty years has not elapsed without gigantic strides being made in all that pertains to stage effect, and in the new work the managers have spared no expense by engaging the most talented men in every department to produce a result worthy of the times. The scenery is really beautiful, and fully sustains the great reputation of Messrs. Telbin and Danson. The "Hall of Arimanes, in the Nether World," painted by Mr. Danson and his sons, is a marvel of the scenic art. Of the play we need say but little. It is but little more than a long and weary recitation by our great tragedian, Mr. Phelps, whose declamation of Byron's beautiful poem was worthy of his name and fame. As a spectacle we cordially recommend all London to go and see it.

LYCEUM.—Most extensive alterations and embellishments are going on preparatory to the opening on the 24th inst. The opening piece is entitled "Bel Demonio: a Love Story," by Mr. Faval, the author of "The Duke's Motto."

STRAND.—A new three-act play, entitled "Miriam's Crime," has been produced here with complete success. The heroine, Miriam, is personated by Miss Kate Saville, a very rising actress, who lately succeeded from the Olympic company.

PAVILION THEATRE.—On Saturday last, an adaptation of the celebrated tale, now publishing in the "Halfpenny Gazette," entitled "The Daughter of Midnight," and dramatised by Mr. F. Marchant, was produced at the above well-conducted theatre, and received with unanimous applause. The piece is carefully placed upon the stage, and exceedingly well acted—the principal characters by Messrs. C. Robinson, F. Marchant, G. Hamilton, Bonsfield; Mesdames Robinson, Lindon, and Maggie Campbell. It has been followed by the now immensely popular drama of "The Ticket of Leave." Business has been good, and we wish the managers every success.

GRAND FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE directors of the Crystal Palace Company, who seem to adopt the motto of "*Nunquam dormio*," in their unceasing efforts to promote the welfare of the proprietors, on Monday made the novel experiment of day excursion boats and trains from France to the Crystal Palace, the South-Eastern Railway Company running steamers from Boulogne to Folkestone, and the Chatham and Dover Company from Calais to Dover, with special trains awaiting the arrival of the boats direct to the Crystal Palace, the excursionists returning the same evening. The grounds were opened at nine o'clock in the morning, and the weather was singularly propitious. The occasion was regarded as a great French *fete*, and the French flag was hoisted over the roseroy; the organ was decorated with the initials in gold on each side "V. and N.," and the orchestra and transept were elegantly decorated with flags, evergreens, &c. The flowers around the roseroy and in the grounds generally presented a beautiful sight. About half-past twelve a large number of the French visitors arrived at the Fenge Station, and were escorted to the Palace. The influx of visitors was not very great till about two o'clock, at which hour the arrivals rapidly increased. The arrangements which were made were of the most appropriate character. From half-past twelve till two a dinner of old English fare was served at half-a-crown. The Ghost, or rather Ghosts, "performed" several times during the day, in the manner of Scowton and other celebrities known at ancient fairs. The concert-room in which the performances were held was crowded to suffocation on each occasion. The band of the Coldstream Guards and the orchestral band of the company united, played a great number of appropriate French, Italian, and German subjects. At half-past three the whole series of fountains were displayed; and then followed Blondin's marvellous feats on the low rope, which had nearly closed, when we observed that the rope and the apparatus attached thereto were suddenly lowered. The trumpets sounded suddenly, and at the same moment were seen his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his Majesty the King of the Greeks, and Prince Christian of Denmark, who took their places in the orchestral reserved seats at about four o'clock. A hearty cheer welcomed the illustrious party, and there was a general effort made by the ladies who were far removed from the orchestra to obtain a sight of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The band struck up "God save the Queen." His royal highness and his royal relatives retired after witnessing the wonderful feats of Blondin, which were repeated for their amusement. Mr. Levy had the honour of repeating his solo on the cornet—a piston at the desire of his royal highness. It not being known which way the royal party would make their egress from the Palace the crowd were divided, and the majority were disappointed of obtaining a sight of the illustrious visitors to whom they desired to pay the homage of respect. There were about 500 French excursionists present. The Calais excursionists left the centre transept for Fenge Station about a quarter past five, and the Boulogne excursionists left the transept for the Palace Station at 5.40. The Palace was lighted up at dusk, and the effect produced was very pleasing—so much so, we believe, as to induce many of the company to remain until the latest possible moment allowed them to disperse. The entertainments throughout gave much satisfaction to the visitors.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH ACTORS.

A PARIS letter says:—

"There appears to be a growing disposition on the part of the London and Parisian audiences to become acquainted with each other's favourite actors and actresses. French artists especially are just now studying the English language, and turning to the exhaustless characters of Shakspeare's creations, with a view of playing them in English. Mr. Charles Mathews has for some weeks attracted large Parisian audiences with his "Un Anglais Timide," and I need not remind the reader of the success of French actors on your side of the water. Last night the audience of the Odeon greeted with applause the well-known Madame Duverger, who played in English the garden scene of "Romeo and Juliet" (scene ii). Mr. Swinburne was the Romeo. To acquire a knowledge of a foreign language, and pronounce it with dramatic effect, is in itself an immense difficulty, which Madame Duverger has overcome. Throughout the impassioned dialogues with the suppliant lover not a word was lost; and her accentuation showed a marked intelligent appreciation of the text. Madame Duverger is engaged by Mr. Webster, when the British public will have an opportunity of judging of the talent of a pretty woman, possessing no ordinary dramatic accomplishments. I should have observed that the Odeon last night was patronised by many curious English, who found in Madame Duverger and Mr. Swinburne accomplished representatives of the Italian lovers."

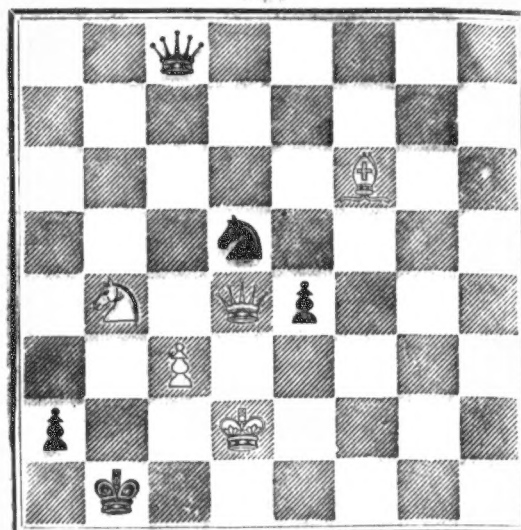
A ROYAL PARTY AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE engravings in pages 280 and 281 are illustrative of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of Greece, and the Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, and Princess Dagmar to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on Monday last. The royal family is represented arriving at the theatre in royal carriages, and seated in the royal box (the second looking from the stage on the grand tier), during the performance of Wallace's new opera, "The Desert Flower." The Princess of Wales was seated in the centre of the box, the Prince in the nearest corner to the stage. They remained till the conclusion of the opera, with which the royal party expressed itself highly pleased. Mr. Harrison being engaged in the performance, the duty of receiving the royal visitors devolved upon Mr. Murray, the acting manager.

GALLANT RESISTANCE TO HIGHWAYMEN.—As Mr. John Tynte, eldest son of Colonel Tynte, M.P., was returning from Shorncliffe camp to Folkestone about midnight, a fellow of suspicious appearance accosted him in the deep cutting of the road below the cricket-ground, demanding the time. Mr. Tynte warned the fellow to keep his distance, but he immediately gave a spring and clutched Mr. Tynte tightly by the throat. Mr. Tynte's right hand, in which he held a stout oaken cudgel, was not available in the position he was in, but he struck out with his left hand, and hitting the fellow on the face, brought him to the ground, going down himself upon him in his grasp. Here they had a rough tussle for some time, the highwayman being by much the most powerful; but Mr. Tynte succeeded in getting play with his right hand, and shortening up his grip with the cudgel, he dealt the fellow several heavy blows on the face and head. While thus employed he heard steps approaching, and presently a second fellow was belabouring Mr. Tynte himself about the head and shoulders with a hedgestake. Mr. Tynte, however, soon succeeded in beating the fellow under him insensible, and then springing to his feet faced the second assailant, and drove him off. Mr. Tynte's first thought then was to drag the insensible fellow into Folkestone, and hand him over to the police; but the possibility occurring to him that others of the gang might be about, he abandoned the fellow, and went to Folkestone alone. On presenting himself at his father's residence he was found to be much bruised about the head, and the blood flowed freely from a slash by the hedgestake across his forehead; no serious injury, however, was sustained. Information was given to the Folkestone police next morning, but no trace of the fellows, supposed to be some of the loose characters attracted into the county by the hop-picking, has been discovered. Mr. Tynte, who is about twenty-one years of age, was until lately in the navy, and has on this occasion given such good illustration of British pluck, that it is to be hoped his country will not altogether lose his services.

Chess.

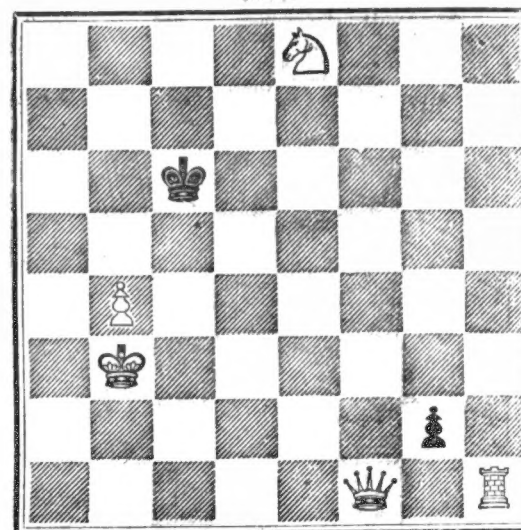
PROBLEM No. 137.—By R. B. W.
Black.



White.

White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 138.—By E. G. G. SUTTON (of Rossory).
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 129.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------|
| 1. R to K B 8 (ch) | 1. K to K 2 |
| 2. R to K 6 (ch) | 2. K to Q 2 |
| 3. R to Q 8 (ch) | 3. K to Q B 2 |
| 4. R to Q B 6 (ch) | 4. K takes R |
| 5. P queens, and mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 130.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. B to Q B 8 | 1. R takes Q Kt P (a) |
| 2. Kt to K B 8 | 2. R takes R |
| 3. Kt to Q 7 | 3. Any move |
| 4. Kt or B mates | |

(a)

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Kt to B 8 | 1. Kt to Kt 4 |
| 2. R takes Kt | 2. Kt to Q 4 |
| 4. B mates | 3. Any move |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 131.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. P to Q B 4 (ch) | 1. P takes P (en passant) |
| 2. Kt to Q B 4 | 2. Anything |
| 3. Mates accordingly | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 132.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. R to Q B 3 (ch) | 1. Q takes Q |
| 2. R to Q B 3 (ch) | 2. P takes K |
| 3. P mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 133.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Q to Q 4 | 1. R takes Q |
| 2. Kt takes K B P (ch) | 2. K takes P |
| 3. Kt mates | |

G. WINSTANLEY.—The *fianchetto*, or blank opening, consists in either player moving 1. P to Q Kt 3. It is, however, generally employed defensively against 1. P to K 4, although it is sometimes adopted by the opening player whilst giving the odds of a piece to a mere routine opponent, in order to throw him on his own resources at the commencement of the game. Upon this opening it has been observed:—"The method of opening the game by 1. P to Q B 4 was first brought prominently into notice by Mr. Staunton, in his great match with M. St. Amant." Mr. Staunton recommends Black to reply also with 1. P to K B 4. In this form of opening, it is generally advisable to advance the K P one step only, and afterwards to play P to K Kt 3, in order to bring out the K B at K Kt 3. We believe, however, that Black may obtain at least an even game by playing 1. P to K 4 in reply to 1. P to Q B 4, thereby bringing about the 'Sicilian game,' the positions of the players being reversed."

A. VAUGHAN.—According to the present laws of chess, we are of opinion that Black was obliged to take the Bishop *en passant*.

T. RITSON.—A Pawn, when it has arrived at the opposite end of the board, becomes a piece—it cannot remain as a Pawn. Your problem can be solved easily in three moves. The key-move is B to K Kt 6.

J. M.—There is a capital Chess Club in your neighbourhood. The members meet at the Beaumont Institution.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—John Atkinson, a young fellow about 20 years of age, was charged with assaulting John Knight, a musician attached to the Coldstream Guards, and robbing him of a gold chain worth £7. The prosecutor stated that about nine o'clock at night he was proceeding from the Blackfriars-road to the Waterloo Station for the purpose of proceeding to Windsor, and when near the railway in the Cornwall-road, the prisoner suddenly rushed upon him and made a snatch at his gold watch-chain, which was partly outside his coat. The witness endeavored to prevent him, taking it, when he struck him, and succeeded in stealing his chain and running off with it. The witness then pursued him, and caught hold of him in Koupell-street, when he demanded his chain back. The prisoner told him he had not got it, as he had dropped it in the road. At the time they were struggling together a constable came up, and he gave the prisoner into custody. The magistrate asked whether the chain had been found. Witness replied that it had not, but the prisoner had plenty of opportunities to pass it to some of his companions, as several were about at the time. The magistrate asked if he was known. The inspector replied that he was known to be a companion of thieves. The prisoner denied that, and as for stealing the gentleman's chain, he had nothing to do with it. The fact was, he was running towards home, when he came in contact with him, and he seized hold of him and charged him with stealing his chain. He told him he must have dropped it. That's all he knew about it. The magistrate observed that these street robberies had become rather frequent lately, and a stop must be put to them before the winter nights set in. To give the officer an opportunity of making the necessary inquiries, he should remand the prisoner until Monday next.



THE EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.—SCENE AT HEREFORD.—(FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.) (See page 275.)

DEATH OF MR. SHEEPSHANKS.

THIS distinguished benefactor of the nation, whose picture-gallery has afforded pleasure to tens of thousands of British people, died at his residence, Rutland-gate. Mr. Sheepshanks, born in 1787, was the son of a wealthy cloth manufacturer at Leeds, and succeeded his father in the business. Although a brother of the famous astronomer, he led a quiet, unostentatious life, and only became known by his munificent gift to the country. The collection is worth about 60,000*l*. It is especially rich in the best works of Mulready, Leslie, and Landseer, and contains fine examples of the principal modern British oil-painters. Among the "conditions precedent" of his gift was one which Mr. Sheepshanks ultimately did not insist upon—the opening of his collection on Sundays. Mr. Sheepshanks lived unnoticed and unrewarded for his munificence, and died at his London residence on the 5th inst. at the age of seventy-six.

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY died at his country residence, Roebuck House. His grace had long been suffering from an illness which at his advanced age (he was born in 1787) could have but one result. The late archbishop, says the author of "Men of the Time," was the son of the Rev. Dr. Whately, of Nonsuch Park, Surrey. He was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, of which, in 1819, he was elected a fellow. The College of Oriel is famous for having sent out some of the greatest thinkers of which English Churchmen of the present generation may boast, such as Dr. Arnold, Dr. Copleston, Dr. J. H. Newman, and the late archbishop. Whately was appointed to read the Bampton Lectures in 1822, in which year he accepted the rectory of Halesworth, in Suffolk, value £450 per annum. In the contest which took place in the university, when Sir Robert Peel appealed to his learned constituents upon the Catholic question, Whately voted for the right honourable baronet. In 1830 he was appointed President of St. Alban's Hall, and Professor of Political Economy; and in 1831 he was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin and Bishop of Glendalagh. The diocese of Kildare was subse-

quently added to his charge. His lordship published a considerable number of theological writings, consisting of sermons and charges, all marked by a desire to place religion on a simple and scriptural basis, and in harmony with man's intellectual nature. His style was aphoristic and luminous, and his reasoning most severe. In the administration of his office he displayed a uniform liberality, and was a constant promoter of the national system of education in Ireland. He was the author, among other works, of a treatise on political economy, and the best manual of logic which we possess, and published an edition of "Bacon's Essays."

THREE MEN AND A WOMAN SUFFOCATED IN A RAIN CISTERN.

IT is our duty to record a most shocking occurrence which took place in Southgate-street, Leicester, and which has resulted in the death of three men and one woman. At the back of the house of one of the deceased, who keeps a small shop, is a yard, in which there was formerly a rain-water cistern, but which, in consequence of the deceased keeping cattle, has recently been converted into a grain bin. The grains had lately been put in, and had, of course, been well padded down, and yesterday afternoon the master of the house, Charles Gregory, seventy-seven, opened the trap door leading into the cistern, and at once descended into the interior, about seven feet from the surface, for the purpose of fetching up some grain. He had hardly reached the bottom, when being overcome with the carbonic acid, he fell down, apparently insensible. His daughter, Charlotte Gregory, thirty-one, seeing the position of her father, entered the cistern to rescue him, but she had no sooner got in than she was also similarly affected. A boy of the deceased's, who happened to be in the yard at the time, and having noticed what had taken place, gave an alarm, and assistance was obtained from the Blue Boar Inn, adjoining, when two men—Charles Freeman and Joseph Tacey, of the Garibaldi public-house, High-street, went to render assistance. On the first of them entering the hole he was immediately stifled, the second followed, and in less than a minute all four lay dead in the cistern, with assistance within an

arm's reach, but none dared to enter—neither would it have been prudent to have done so—through the probability of meeting with a similar fate. It was with much difficulty that the bodies were got out of the hole with hooks. Two medical gentlemen (Messrs. Fullagar and Marriot) were called in, but they pronounced life to be extinct, and the death must have been instantaneous.

A CHILD BURIED ALIVE.

AT the Cheltenham Police-court, before a bench of magistrates, a respectably-dressed and quiet-looking servant-girl, at present out of place, but who had filled her last situation eleven years, was charged with the willful murder of her illegitimate child. The inquiry was merely of a preliminary character, the evidence tendered being only for the purpose of a remand. It, however, appeared that the prisoner had been confined about three weeks ago in the workhouse, and had gone on a visit to a Mrs. Clarke, of Boddington. She did not, however, take her child with her. Mr. Clarke was in his garden, when he heard the cry of an infant, and upon searching found that the mould underneath a bush had been disturbed. Upon examining the spot he discovered that a child had been buried there alive, covered by about an inch of clay. He removed the earth and took out the child, which was wrapped in a flannel, and handed it to the prisoner, who just then came in for a walk. He accused her of being the mother, and of burying the infant, but she denied it. He had the poor little thing placed in a warm bath to restore animation to its limbs, which had become cold, and sent to the police-station. A sergeant shortly after arrived, and charged the prisoner with the offence. She at first denied it, but subsequently admitted being the mother, and that she had buried the child. The policeman examined the hole, and found it to be about six inches in depth. He then brought the child and its mother to the Cheltenham station. The child lingered in convulsions until the following morning, when it died. The constable asked for a remand until after the inquest. He should then be able to prove that the accused had had her child brought to her a short time before it was discovered in the garden. The prisoner was accordingly remanded.

EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF A
CLERGYMAN.[From the *Staffordshire Sentinel*.]

On the 25th ult. a poor man named John Alcock, a parishioner of and residing at Caudon, died from age and paralysis, after having been in a very helpless state for years. On the following Sunday—viz., the 27th ult.—the body was taken by his friends and relatives to be interred in the usual way at the parish church, when the Rev. Rowland Henniker, the incumbent of Caudon, refused to perform this solemn duty, and this without assigning any reason for his strange behaviour. This, of course, created great excitement. The body still remaining unburied on the 30th ult., information of the fact was sent by the parish clerk to the Bishop of Lichfield, who wrote an exhortatory letter to Mr. Henniker. His lordship wrote to the clerk, requesting him with the churchwarden to endeavour to get the body interred. With the bishop's letter in hand they, with some friends of the deceased, appealed to the clergyman to bury the body. Mr. Henniker, however, still refused, giving permission to the clerk to put the body in the grave, but refusing himself to read the burial service. His continued refusal was again made known to the bishop, who wrote to the clerk and churchwardens requesting them to get the nearest clergyman to bury the body, and promising to indemnify them from any consequences which might result. The Rev. W. O. Ward, the clergyman of Calton, volunteered to perform the service, and fixed a time, but Mr. Henniker, who had got possession of both keys of the church doors, positively told Mr. Ward he should not do so, still refusing to read the burial service over the body himself. On Sunday, the 4th inst., Mr. Henniker tried by offers of beer and money to get some persons to remove the body out of the church, but as the inhabitants were determined that the body should have Christian burial, he was unable to accomplish his object, and the churchyard was described as being on that day more like the scene of a riot than consecrated ground. As the friends of the deceased were afraid that the body would be clandestinely removed at night into the grave without Christian burial, a watch was kept day and night for several days and nights



THE LATE LORD LYNDBURST.

past. What the result of this disgraceful affair will be it is hard to conjecture. The matter is being represented to the bishop from various quarters, and is creating well-merited expressions of disgust at Mr. Henniker's conduct. Mr. Henniker had a short time previous given notice to his clerk that he should not inter the bodies of any more Dissenters, telling him he must take the responsibility of the interment of Dissenters on himself. It appears, however, in the present case the deceased had been brought up a Churchman, and was at least an occasional worshipper at church. The relatives of the deceased had also been interred in the churchyard of Caudon. The feelings of the friends and relatives of the deceased may be better imagined than described, for although in receipt of parochial relief previous to his death, the deceased was so much respected that his friends undertook the expenses of his burial without any aid from the parish authorities.

The foregoing represents the state of affairs up to Tuesday night. From inquiries made on the spot yesterday, we learn that after repeated endeavours to obtain Mr. Henniker's consent to give the body a Christian burial, the Rev. W. C. Ward, and the friends of the deceased, determined to do so without his consent. Accordingly, on Thursday, they all proceeded to the church, and in the presence of a very large number of people forcibly obtained possession of the body. They were proceeding to bury it when Mr. Henniker arrived, and after taking the surplice off Mr. Ward, locked himself up in the church. The burial service was then read by Mr. Ward, in the churchyard, without a surplice, and the corpse was thus interred, after remaining above ground fourteen days.

Whether the incumbent of Caudon will be made amenable to the ecclesiastical law for his conduct, yet remains to be seen. The strangest part of the affair is that, as far as we can ascertain, he has never assigned any reason for refusing burial to his late parishioner.

As showing the excitement which has been created by the affair, we may state that during the last twelve days the church has been watched by as many as sixteen men at night, in order to prevent the clandestine removal of the body out of the church.

Literature

SWEETHEART NAN;

OR, THE PEASANT GENTLEMAN'S DARLING.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY ELFRIDA'S POWER."

CHAPTER XL (CONTINUED).

SWEETHEART NAN was changing.

Twelvemonths before, less than that time by many weeks, she was gay, charming, open, frank, and smiling. She filled her father's heart, and the happy world seemed made for her. But, when I say the world seemed made for her, I do not mean to infer that she was selfish. She had lived no more egotistically than was natural, considering her life had been untroubled. If she had not felt deeply for great suffering, it was the fault of her experience, rather than her own. Her face, in that past time, was broad and noble; and in her bright, grey eyes there lay a certain peace, which made those troubled, and who saw her, long and sigh for their own past, a past, perhaps, merely chimeric. For it is rare to find men and women who do not think the past brighter than the present. People certainly, and with much gentleness for their greater part, envied Sweetheart Nan her glorious expression, rather than her beauty. She appeared utterly at peace with herself, and generous to all mankind. There was no wilfulness in her face, and no expressiveness of greed. She had, in a word, a good countenance, and especially was the mouth exquisitely tender and womanly.

Now look on her.

All the face is wan; and its very breadth is lessened by the sinking of the temples.

But herein lies not the great change.

Her face is pale, her lips are parched, her nostrils drawn. But herein lies not the great change.

Her eyes are bright, flitting, and eager, and all the old peace has past from them; but even here rests not the awful mutation.

You must look for it in the mouth. Observe—it was beautifully curved, and a royal smile sat on it. Now look—it seems as though made to grasp. Nay, it is almost coarse. If beauty it has, it savours of the early beauty of a fallen woman, which still glimmers in the wicked face.

From being the chief beauty of Sweetheart Nan's face, it was its marbling. The wickedness of man is always written on his lips. If you doubt this, ask of your monitor, the glass, its opinion of your lips—first, when you have not done well; secondly, when some weak voice has blessed you.

The wickedness that changed the sweet mouth of Sweetheart Nan to a something that reminded one of a wolf's, was not of her own seeking. It was that of her father. He had, in his rage of loving anger against his daughter, defied nature. He had divided a mother from her child. And this no man may do, unless the mother be unnatural, or diseased.

Squire Lemmings had done wrongly. Perhaps when the night came, and all was still about him, nature whispered to him he had not done well. But he had rarely revoked a word—re-shaped an action. Some one had robbed him of his daughter. This was the creed behind which he entrenched himself. This was the whispered outcry which made his hand firm and kept it bound about his daughter's heart.

He had been robbed of his child; and as she defended the thief, he taught her what it is to lose a child. This was his belief, falling back from the good Christianity of day to the blood for blood creed of a long passed away yesterday, and thus seeking to stifle the broad mercy which we Englishmen have more or less inherited from the time of our fathers of the ninth century.

Let us go back to Sweetheart Nan.

A wild evening coming on, and a wild face looking through the glass upon it. There is a certain fixity about the limbs, even about the neck and body, which shows that the brain has not that light-some control over the action of the body which makes the moving life of little children.

Have you seen a dog going mad?

If so, you remember how it dragged its limbs awkwardly—how it crept into dismal corners—how the mouth was puckered up, and how the eyes glared.

What, reader?

It displeases you that I compare Sweetheart Nan to the lower animals? Ay, but the similitudes are just. She had been thrust into a condition of mere animalism.

I know that those who seek a sweet consolation in prayer would have bidden her pray. But to pray, one must have resignation; to pray, one must have accepted a calamity as inevitable. Nan was not resigned—inevitability was not a condition of her loss.

Had this unhappy little orphan child died, Nan would have passed into a patient condition of sorrow; had the child even been stolen, she might after a time endured her wretchedness. But to know that her desolation was an uncalled for punishment that she endured, having signed not—to know that her longing arms had been emptied by her father,—these things debased her, and changed the old loving, frank, joyous Nan into a terrible something to which no name could be given.

As she sat wild-faced, looking upon the wild night, she was going mad, fiercely, revengefully, brutally mad!

I am sorry to write such language as this. My excuse takes but one shape. I place upon paper what I think necessary. Such human sufferings as exist should, however terrible, be written of, if only that, known, they may be pitied; for if they are all unknown, they are equally undeveloped. There may be a more delicate task than this—not one truer.

But as the night came, and notwithstanding the twilight, the maid (who had come into the room to light the lamp and draw the curtains, which could not shut out a desolation vaster than that within the room they draped)—the maid, I say, saw a gleam of pleasure upon her mistress's face.

She took her hands from about her breasts, and this the maid had noticed to be a favourite action of her lady's, and the right went fluttering to her mouth.

She asked for pen and paper.

Through the week she had passed at Oaklands she had wanted nothing of the sort. All that she had done was think. Perhaps the maid had wondered why a doctor was not sent for; but she was not paid wages to remonstrate.

When the writing materials were procured, the waiting woman marked that her young mistress hesitated, as though she hardly comprehended what she was doing.

By an effort she appeared to collect herself.

Then she wrote a few words, and again hesitated; then several more. This done, she folded the paper up, without even waiting to blot it. Then she hesitated once more.

The waiting-maid—an odd kind of fear gradually possessing her—looked on, and almost stupidly.

Sweetheart Nan now seemed quite puzzled. She looked about quickly, and, as it appeared, cruelly.

Then, again, something like a gleam of satisfaction appeared upon her face, as she told the maid to send the housekeeper to her.

Then Mrs. Helps came in. The good woman trembled, as she looked at her young lady.

"You are not well, miss!" she said.

"Yes. What makes you think I am not?" This she said quickly and harshly. For she was her father's daughter; and, so far, she dreaded falling in the esteem of the world as much as did her father. She had not yet arrived at that pitch when the world, coming between her and her instinct, she would not care what it thought of her, nor how it used her.

"You look feverish, miss—you do, indeed."

"Nonsense!"

"Indeed, miss, if I was you, I would see a doctor. Which I told the Squire this morning you ought to see a medical man, miss."

"What did my father say?"

"Which, miss, he said there was no need."

"He is quite right. I have no need of a medical man. I am quite well. I want you to give me the address of Miss Villiers—that which she left you after my father and I went away."

The housekeeper gave the address.

"Thank you, that will do," said Nan, having repeated it. "I shall want nothing more to-night. I shall not come down to dinner. Has my father come in?"

"Yes, miss. If you want me miss, I shall be up till eleven."

"I shall not want you, Mrs. Helps. Good night!"

And yet when the housekeeper had passed the door she called her back.

"Mrs. Helps," she said, "I have forgotten Miss Villiers's address. I will write it down."

The housekeeper repeated the address, Sweetheart Nan taking it down word for word on a scrap of paper.

"Shall the post-bag wait for you, miss?"

"No. Why do you put such a question to me?"

"Because of you asking for Miss Villiers's address."

"That has nothing to do with it. Good night!"

The housekeeper, returning the kindly smile, had again reached the door, when she was called back a second time.

"Mrs. Helps, did you say my father had come in?"

"Yes, miss."

"Where is he?"

"In the drawing-room, miss; and which, I should say, walking up and down it incessant. And, miss, I would again urge you to see a medical man, which can do no harm, and prevention much better than a cure, miss."

"No, there's no need. I suppose all the people are in now—there are none about the grounds, are there?"

"I should suppose not, miss."

"That will do. Good night! Send my maid to me."

The housekeeper started, for it appeared strange to her that she should be told to send her young lady's maid to her, when she had but to sound the ordinary bell, and she would, as a necessity, answer it.

"She's ill," thought Mrs. Helps, "for which her memory is proof, being shifting."

When the lady's-maid was summoned, she was required to get her mistress a postage stamp.

The young person not being a personal possessor of a stamp, left the room, and, like all her tribe in a fix, went to the housekeeper for help. The housekeeper, after the manner of housekeepers, made inquiries as to its destination; when, learning that it was for her young lady, Mrs. Helps, putting this and that together, and especially remembering that the young lady had said she did not require the post-bag to be kept, came to the conclusion that her young lady must see a doctor, and to that end she sent off Solomon for the village medical man.

There was not the least need to seek a stamp. This act of itself was sufficient to show Sweetheart Nan's mind was unbalanced, for it nearly betrayed her. Obtaining it, however, she took the letter she had written from the pocket of her writing-pad, and hurriedly wrote upon the envelope the address she had obtained from Mrs. Helps.

This done, and so carelessly that it was almost impossible to read it, for the envelope is still in existence, and is the proof of this assertion, she fixed the stamp with great exactness upon the envelope, taking care that the white left at the top equalled that left at the side. This needless exactitude the envelope, of course, also proves.

Then she went to the door and listened.

She was dressed in some dark kind of stuff, so that as she stood

in the doorway Mrs. Helps, who was uneasily coming once more to the young lady's room, could barely distinguish her. At this moment the servants' tea-time bell rang.

Satisfied with this caution, and the bell which would congregate the servants from all parts of the house, Sweetheart Nan returned to the room, put on a dark bonnet and black mantle, and then putting out her lamp, in itself an incautious act, she crept to the door, and stood in the passage.

Then she walked softly down stairs. She heard her father's heavy footsteps, regular and unceasing, up and down the room. Her own steps she could not hear.

She marked a burst of laughter from the servants' hall, but she did not encounter one of the household.

The tea bell, by the way, had called Mrs. Helps away to her certain duties.

Sweetheart Nan hesitated at the dining-room door. Perhaps she feared one of the men might be preparing the table for dinner, though the probability was that all the servants were at their afternoon meal.

She decided not to enter the dining-room. She turned away to a small morning parlour, and, entering it, closed the door. She must have then felt her way through the room to the conservatory windows. Arrived there, it was easy to pass out into the park, or, rather, on to the path, which passed just beyond the glass-house.

Arrived here, it was clear, from the investigation which followed, that she had turned to the right.

But after twenty yards were past, the footsteps were lost.

CHAPTER XLII.

TOWARDS THE END.

POOR Mrs. Helps, for one, found a great change in the household. Her young lady, who had been so frank and so easy, was reserved and austere, while the Squire, who had been the very model of a Squire, had changed himself into a fretful exacting gentleman. "Which," Mrs. Helps said, "they both seemed topsy-turvy like, and more inside out."

There was a deal of unkind talk in the servants' hall, consequent upon Nan leaving the house after dark, and returning only at the end of an hour. It was fairly evident that she had gone to post a letter. But this innocent mode of explaining away the circumstance did not suit the Oaklands people. I do not say they inferred anything objectionable directly, but there is much sometimes in a nod, and a great deal in the compression of a pair of lips.

It was on the following night, at about eight o'clock, that a post-chaise arrived at Oaklands, and the canaries were edified by their young lady appearing in the hall, as they opened the door, and walking quickly past them out into the night air.

Sweetheart Nan was not deceived; the visitor was the old friend come at her bidding quite as faithfully, if not so rapidly, as Aladdin's slave of the lamp.

The two women passed the supervision of the flunkies without noticing any one—without even noticing the Squire, who had left his room, and who now stood in the background. His suspicion, and his battling for the continuance of his daughter's good name, had made him a coward. He could not wait to know who had arrived at the house, so he came from his room, and stood in the shadow of the large hall, and watched.

Whether he felt doubt or relief upon seeing who had arrived, he himself was never able to say. But it is certain that neither of the women saw him, and that they went up the ground flight of stairs, hand in hand, quite unaware that his watchful eyes were upon them.

The friends said not one word till the door of Nan's room was closed upon them, and then, I believe, they indulged in one of those close hugs, in which kind-hearted, troubled women-friends will indulge, holding on to each other tight, and swaying backwards and forwards in the mute strength of their emotion.

"Why did you not come before?" asked Nan, who was the first to speak.

"My darling, how did I know you were at Oaklands?" Nan looked blank for a moment, and then she said, "That's true, Nelly. I forgot. To be sure, you did not know we had returned to Oaklands."

"You may judge how shocked I was, when, upon returning to the Moor Farm House, I found you and Mr. Lemmings had gone. But I was more terrified than shocked when they told me they had no knowledge whither you had gone."

"You know the day you came, Nelly?" As an answer, Nelly kissed the white, worn, thin hands she was holding.

"He took her away from me that very day, Nelly. I thought I should have died, I was so desolate."

"Do you mean your little one?" By the way, it should have been said that, upon Nelly entering the room, she had looked quickly about, as though searching for something.

Nan looked wildly at her friend, and nodded as an answer.

"Then that accounts for your return to Oaklands?"

"Of course," Nan said, in a dull, monotonous voice. The excitement of Ellen's coming was beginning to wear off. She did not notice that her friend looked almost as desolate as herself.

"Where is the little child, Nan?"

Nan looked forward, wretchedly shook her head, and, drawing her hands from the grasp of her friend, she put them desolately together.

"And Gilbert Dorton—what has become of him?"

The words guided the face of Sweetheart Nan with hope.

There was even a smile upon her face as she said, lovingly, "Gilbert declared he would find my little daughter." Then the mere flash of joy passed away, and, resuming her previous desolation, she added, "But I have heard nothing from him."

Then, after a pause, she added, "Perhaps he may be dead."

Clearly despair, the precursor of insanity, was beginning to claim her. Her judgment was already unbalanced, for it appeared to her as years since she had lost her child, whereas in reality it was but a week or so.

"Perhaps, dear Nan, he does not know where to find you, exactly as I was ignorant of your return here."

"He would guess where I am," she said, plaintively.

There was another pause; for both were in deep grief, which is not conversational. It is true that Ellen's misery was not equal to Nan's. No wretchedness can be so great as that of the mother of a young child, who, in losing it, knows death has not deprived her of her second life. Death is implacable; all hope of recovery is past, and a wise woman resigns herself. But when the loss is reparable—when the child lives,—it is then the separation becomes so terrible. No other misery can equal this.

Yet Ellen Villiers's grief was not trifling. To have the sweet cup of happiness at your lips, and of your own will to fling it from you for life—to be, as it were, your own destroyer, when life is becoming for the first time during existence sweet, and even splendid,—these things are hard to bear. And they were the inflictions Ellen Villiers imposed upon herself.

It was with the very gentlest form of reproach that Ellen said, "Nanny, dear, you forget that I asked you to hope."

"I hope?" Annie said, with the extreme of utterable anguish.

"Yes; but I must still ask you to wait a little. Do not—pray do not despair. There may, indeed, be good days still in store for you."

She shook her head. Her grief was too selfish to permit her to thank her friend for her good intention.

"I must stop here at Oaklands, Annie, if you will let me," Ellen continued, "and if Mr. Lemmings will let me."

"You shall stop," Annie replied, with a sudden lighting up of the eyes.

Then she conquered herself, and added, in a lower tone, "Papa, surely, will be glad for you to remain at Oaklands."

"I will go down and see him," said Nelly.

So saying, so done. She found the Squire wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. Before she could ask him to allow her to stay, he pressed her to do so; and she gladly assenting, he took her hands and said, "That was right."

But strive to be his old self as much as he would, a far less perceptive woman than Ellen would have marked the change in him. Shame had changed him, but injustice had changed him more. He knew, no man better, that he had done wrong in separating mother from child. Looking back into his past life, he asked himself how he would have endured a parting from Sweetheart Nan? Then, for a moment, he would relent, and would perhaps turn the handle of his door, intending to tell her, his daughter, he would take her to the child. Then the memory of what he believed to be her "great lie" stayed his hand; the wickedness came back upon his face again, and the pity he had in his heart was once more buried.

Seeking to deceive the world, he little dreamt how much he was deceived. What would have been his course of conduct had he learnt that Ellen Villiers knew of his misfortune, as he called it, rather than his daughter's? Would he have bidden the young lady to leave his house, or would he have gone down upon his knees and have prayed her to keep the secret from all men? He could not imagine for one moment that Nan had given her secret into the keeping of a second woman. He thought for her, as he thought for himself; and just as he felt that he would rather die than share his dismal knowledge even with a brother, had he one in whom he could confide, so she would equally abhor confiding what he felt was her crime to one of her sex.

The visit of Ellen to the farm-house might have warned him of the truth, but it did not. He judged of his daughter as of himself,—as one. He could not comprehend that, as the mother, her life, her honour were as nothing compared with the love for the child. That maternal love which even makes a naturally timid animal defiant, which will make even such a poor beast as a rabbit bite, Lemmings could not comprehend. The little, helpless, dumpling-like child was to him merely a source of shame. He could not comprehend in a second and a dearer life. Herein he was not to be blamed. In times long past, of war, and therefore of rapine, the women who bore children at their breasts showed more defiance of the enemy than the men, and flew at certain death to protect their little ones.

Squire Lemmings understood nothing of all these things. All he knew was this. He and his daughter had been shamed, but the world had learned naught of their calamity; and that the world might still be ignorant of this catastrophe, he hid its proof.

That was his creed. And so he lived, those wretched two or three weeks, unchristianly, and therefore unpitifully.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SUPPOSED REPARATION.

NELLY brought the father and daughter a little more closer than they had lived from the time of their return to Oaklands.

That next morning Nan, pale and hot, came down to breakfast with Ellen Villiers. This latter lady looked worn and wretched; but by the side of Sweetheart Nan she appeared at peace and in health. So these three people sat down to their morning meal—the father relentless, the daughter defiant, and the friend alone pitying and somewhat at peace, however broken-hearted, because she was about to do, as she thought, a just and necessary action.

Lemmings, carrying out the lying life which was so new to him, and in the belief that Ellen was ignorant of any cause of warfare between him and his daughter, met Nan with an imitative cheerfulness. Kissing her gaily, he tried to speak cheerily. But the words trailed off with a kind of broken falsetto, and, turning them into some remark about the breakfast, he sat down.

To use a homely phrase, these three people were all at sixes and sevens.

"Oh, Mr. Lemmings!" said Ellen, suddenly, "I have forgotten to ask you a little hospitality for Lord Penton. He has been to see me on some stupid business matters; and, as I could not induce him to remain moping in town, when I knew Nan had returned to Oaklands, I thought I might venture, without the fear of being scolded by you, to write to Lord Penton, and ask him to come down here and see me."

"There be no harm done, lass," said the Squire. "The lad can come and stay as long as he may like, Nelly."

"I'm sure I don't know when Lord Penton will come. When he does, I, for one, shall be very glad to see him."

Then there was a silence for some time, conversation not being brisk during this meal; and then Lemmings, ever on the watch against suspicion, began talking about the weather.

It was good weather to talk about, for it was now the first week in the Devonshire hay season, and summer had, as it were, suddenly spread over the country.

Ellen Villiers watched throughout that day for Lord Penton, feeding Nan with her own stores of past hope. And during the few short hours which had quickly passed since the coming of Ellen Villiers, this kind young lady had, in a measure, managed to reassure Sweetheart Nan. There is no truer proverb than one going to the effect that drowning men will catch at a straw. Sweetheart Nan could not even remotely conjecture in what way Nelly was to be of service to her, and yet she believed her when Nelly declared that all would end well. That end she could not by any possibility shape into comprehension. A peaceful termination to all her wretchedness she could not anticipate; and yet she believed in Nelly, and, so to speak, anchored her soul in her friend's promises.

That evening, and for the first time since her return to Oaklands Sweetheart Nan went down to dinner; and so stubborn was hope in the breast of Squire Lemmings that, as he welcomed the young people with a smile, really he felt for a moment that the old life was coming back once more. The hope lasted but for a moment—his reason strangled it—but the momentary joy left a smile upon the poor gentleman's face, which played on it for some time.

"I do hope Lord Penton won't come for a long time," said the Squire, looking brightly over the table at Ellen, "unless thee want him to come, lass."

"The sooner Lord Penton comes the better for all of us," said Ellen, in a low voice.

Nan looked up surprised, and for a moment Lemmings was suspiciously on guard against his visitor. Then he laughed, but not with the old heartiness, and replied, "Lord Penton is quite welcome, Nelly."

"Indeed he will be," thought Ellen. But she said no more on the subject.

The friends did not go to bed early that night. Ellen had said that Lord Penton might arrive late. She was quite sure he would come the very hour he returned to town, and after he had read her letter.

It was after twelve when Nelly gave up Lord Penton for the night.

But she had not to wait long on the following day. He came with the next May morning.

When Nelly saw him riding up the avenue she turned pale, and was in no condition to meet the eager looks of Sweetheart Nan. And though she had been so desirous of meeting the nobleman,

when the man came to announce him, she hesitated to go down stairs.

She asked the footman to take down some message, and then, left alone in the little, bright room with Sweetheart Nan, suddenly she caught her about the neck, and said, "Nan, dear, your trouble has almost come to an end, and mine is beginning. Good bye!"

Nan's face brightened. She could not in the least comprehend Ellen's meaning, but she hoped. As for Ellen, it appeared (Nan has since said) as though she was about to take leave of all her happiness.

Then Sweetheart Nan was left alone, and, being alone, the despair again mounted to and took possession of her face.

As for Ellen, she went to the drawing-room in which Penton, with a more open face than he had ever worn, was waiting her coming.

The poor child hesitated as the waiting footman opened the door. It was but for a moment, but it was sufficient to show how much she dreaded to meet the man up to whom she had hoped to look through life.

Lord Penton came eagerly to meet her, but she stood away near the door, neither advancing nor looking at him.

"You see here I am, Ellen," he said, cheerily.

"You are very kind and attentive, Lord Penton," she replied.

"Lord Penton!" he echoed, in an amazed voice. You will grant that for a lady to meet her intended husband with a cold sentence ending in his title and name is an extraordinary proceeding.

Then, recovering himself, he continued, in a gay tone, "I should have been home long since, Ellen, had I received your first letter asking me to return. The affairs might have gone to the—Well, well, I know you don't like that kind of language. But those business affairs actually carried me as far north as I could go, and it would seem my letters had not so much pluck as myself, for they stopped at Aberdeen, anyhow. Why, my darling Nelly, it would seem there's as much trouble in getting married as being made a judge of. You've no idea how hard I've been working. But what on earth is the matter with you?"

He had taken her hands; but she had hung back listlessly, and responded in no way to the welcome he gave her.

"Why, what a melancholy air for a little bride!" he continued.

"Bride!" she replied, with a start. "I do not know so much about that, Lord Penton."

The nobleman let go her hands, and stared at her as though she had suddenly struck him.

"Lord Penton, answer me truly. After that affair, when you used my name so cruelly—"

"I thought," he broke in with,—"I thought it was arranged between us that that business, Ellen, was never to be referred to again."

"Nor should I refer to it, were it not necessary that I should break my promise. After that affair, you suddenly asked me to marry you. Why?"

She put the one questioning little word plainly and straightforwardly.

"Why, Nelly? Because I loved you, and could not live without you."

"Lord Penton, had you no other reason?"

"Lord Penton again. Can't you say George?"

"I doubt whether I have any right."

"My dear Nelly," said Penton, "you must really be taking leave of your senses—going off your head—or something of that kind."

"No, Lord Penton; I am neither going off my head, as you call it, nor losing my senses; on the contrary, I am coming to my senses."

"Then I certainly preferred you out of them, Nelly," the nobleman continued, putting his arm round her waist, and attempting to seat her on the sofa near them.

She gently, but firmly, put his arm away from her, and remained standing.

"Lord Penton, when you asked me to become your wife, was there not something else urging you to do so as well as what love you had for me?"

Lord Penton turned slightly pale, and in a somewhat changed voice replied, "Why do you ask me such a question, well knowing, as you do, that I love you?"

"You told me that our marriage would repair your fault—our marriage, then, would be, on your part, a reparation."

The nobleman turned still more pale.

"True—quite true," he said. "But, Ellen, why do you ask me these questions? Try only to think that I love you, and that I wish to repair the past by loving you dearly all my future life."

She trembled, it was evident; but she defied her sorrow, and continued.

"Lord Penton, had you nothing to repair beyond that miserable bet made with Gilbert Dorton? Do speak honestly, for very much, indeed, depends upon your frankness."

"Nelly," he said, reproachfully.

"Dear George," she continued, calling him for the first and last time during this interview by his Christian name, "pray, pray tell me the whole truth. I know the better motive you had in offering me your hand—I know that you loved me! But what was the other motive which led you to ask me to be your wife?"

"Then," he said, a little suddenly, and yet you might have found a kind tone in his voice, "if you must know, Nelly, I had something more than a fault to make good—it was a downright crime; and now the murder's out. I meant to tell you after we were married, and when, perhaps, you would have been more willing than you are to look over it; but you've asked, and I've answered, Nelly; and now, either say you do look over it all, or turn me out at once, and make me a miserable beggar for life!"

Nelly Villiers had no idea how strong was the hope within herself till she heard Penton confirm her worst fears.

She sat down, for up to this time she had been standing, and she put her hands before her face in the most desolate and heart-rending manner.

The nobleman, little guessing how far he had thrust himself from her by two words, went up to her, and again putting his arm round her waist, he said, "Come, Nelly, I'm as good as your husband, and a wife forgives a husband almost anything."

"You have no right to touch me, Lord Penton," she said, and weakly pushing his arm away. But there was no need for this action. The arm sympathized with the amazement of its owner, and fell away from its resting-place, as did Lord Penton from his betrothed.

"I'll be hanged Nell, if I can comprehend you!" he said.

"So," she continued, "whatever this crime was, you repent, and are ready to expiate it?"

"Expiate," he said, in a measure recovering himself. "By Jove! I don't call it expiation to be married to a dear little woman like you. I call it getting a great deal more than my deserts, and I shall be as happy as the day is long."

"Happy! Lord Penton? One is only happy when he does his duty."

"And that is just what I shall do in marrying you, Nelly," he replied.

"You are mistaken."

"Nonsense—what on earth does this all mean?"

"It means, Lord Penton, that your crime will not tend to your happiness, if that consists in making me your wife."

"Then do you downright mean to say, Ellen Villiers, that you break up our marriage?"

"Yes—we have no right to marry."

"Why?" he asked.

And here he was destined to wait some very little time longer before he got his reply.

The door was opened by Squire Lemmings. Seeing the room was occupied, he said, "Ah, beg pardon," and he was closing it again, when Ellen prayed him to come in.

The Squire entered, and Penton rising, the two men met each other cordially. Had the Squire thought of the nobleman with Ellen's knowledge, he would have taken the lord with one hand only to be enabled the more surely to strike him down with the other.

As it was, he spoke cheerily, and hoped "my Lord Penton" would stop at Oaklands as long as he thought fit.

"Well, I'm but making a call," said Lord Penton. He had been brought by Ellen to believe that he was in the way.

"I beg, Lord Penton, you will not leave Oaklands for some hours," said Ellen Villiers, eagerly.

Penton looked at her, more inquiringly than eagerly, and then replied, "Oh, very well, Ellen; I'll stop."

And thereupon the conversation drifted into general topics. What was said, took, perhaps, the shape of awkwardness, for each was thinking of his or her peculiar trouble. But they were considerate enough, each for the other two, not to be selfish, and so the trio talked of the never-falling weather, and the probability of a fine summer, and the last news of the neighbourhood.

Perhaps ten minutes had passed, when the Squire rose to leave the room. As he did so, Ellen also got up, and turning to Lord Penton, she said, "I will see, my lord, to a room being prepared for you."

"I thank you," said Lord Penton, wondering, as he spoke, where the devil all this was to end.

The Squire had moved to the door, and was opening it, when a frightened-looking lady's maid, standing in the doorway, said, "If you please, sir, Miss Lemmings insists upon going out, and she is trembling, and looks quite weak, so I thought I would come down to you, sir!"

Lemmings turned pale, and then, as Ellen came quickly forward, he, in a certain measure, barred her passage, and said, "Stay here, Miss Ellen; I'll go to my daughter! There need not be afraid!"

Then he left the room. And, as he passed over the handsome staircase of his mansion, he thought, as he had already thought a thousand times, "It was here she fell. I will throw down this place; and the plough shall pass over where it stood!"

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE SONG OF BEAUTY.

I TURN on every side,
And gaze along the land,
And yet, both far and wide,
The lowly and the grand,
The noble and the clown,
The fallen and the free,
The court, the camp, the crown,
Alike are slaves to me.

The soldier wields his sword,
And glories in the fight;
The miser views his hoard,
And revels in delight;
The statesman's dearest aim
Is rank and high degree;
But power, gold, and fame,
They'd give them all for me!

Let fraud or force obtain
A mastery on earth—
I hold my right to reign
From nature at my birth:
I care not for the strife,
Who conquer or who flee;
So long as there is life,
There will be slaves for me!

The monarch is my fool,
The soldier is my lamb,
The scholar is my fool—
Yet mistress as I am
Of all beneath the sun,
Of man, and earth, and sea,
I'd give them all for one—
I'd give them all for thee!

Here is a prodigal young heir, and Experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honoured, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely on a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.

A PUN IN THE GARDEN.—A family residing upon the banks of the Findhorn, being lately in want of a gardener, a young man wrote to them making offer of his services; and, after extolling his system of raising crops (upon which he said he was then engaged in writing a treatise), concluded his epistle by assuring them that "a large celery" was not so great an object with him as getting into a "peaceable family."

"I WANT to schipp in the Lucilla," said a Dutchman to the clerk of a shipping office. "Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what is your name?"—"It is Hans Vanasmanander-danseyanymendeymitcheitschufeldmitdeschuyponeridrip," said Dutchy, gravely ejecting his old quid, and taking a fresh one. "Heavens!" said the clerk, "do you know what it is in English?"—"Yaw, I do; it is Von Smidt!"

MUTABILITY OF HUMAN AFFAIRS.—Amongst the many instances of persons who have passed the early part of their lives in affluence, and been reduced in their old age to avail themselves of parochial relief, the following may be quoted:—Two years ago there were five paupers receiving relief in the Lichfield Union, who had during their lives served the office of High Sheriff of the County of Lichfield. One of them was possessed of considerable freehold property, and the other three had the best business, in their respective callings, in the whole city. One of them was ruined by law; another by his own and his family's extravagance; the third never could "get forward;" the fourth was a drunkard; and the fifth was indolent and drunken. Three of them are now living, their respective ages being eighty-four, seventy-four, and seventy.

FULL benefit of reduced duty obtained by purchasing Hornam's Pure Tea; very choice at 3s. 4d. & 4s. "High Standard" at 4s. 4d. (formerly 4s. 6d.), is the strongest and most delicious imported. Agents in every town supply it in packets. [Advertisement.]

Varieties.

"Do as you would be done by." Were every individual to act on this principle, goodness, happiness, and prosperity would ultimately become universal.

HONEST PRIDE.—If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS.—People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures by furnishing the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as labour, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature.—Dr. Channing.

UNDER THE ROSE.—The origin of the sentence "under the rose," to express secrecy, is this:—It is a tradition among the ancients, that the god of love made a present to Harpocrates, the god of silence, of a beautiful rose, the first that had been known, to engage him not to discover the secret intrigue of his mother Venus. Hence it became a custom to have a rose placed in their rooms of mirth and entertainment, that, under the assurance thereof, they might be induced to lay aside all constraint, and speak what they pleased. Thus did the rose become a symbol of silence, so that to be *sub rosa* denotes as much as to be out of danger of having any conversation divulged. In all their symposiac meetings, chaplets of roses were worn.—Eliza F. Reid.

NAPOLEON'S ATTEMPT TO PASS THE RED SEA.—Napoleon, when at Suez, made an attempt to follow the supposed steps of Moses, by passing the creek at this point; but it seems, according to the testimony of the people at Suez, that he and his horsemen managed the matter more in a way resembling the failure of the Egyptians than the success of the Israelites. According to the French account, Napoleon got out of the difficulty by that warrior-like presence of mind which served him so well when the fate of nations depended on the decision of a moment. He ordered his horsemen to disperse in all directions, in order to multiply the chances of finding shallow water, and was thus enabled to discover a line by which he and his people were extricated. The story told by the people of Suez is very different. They declare that Napoleon parted from his horse, got thoroughly submerged, and was only fished out by the people on shore. I bathed twice at the spot assigned to the Israelites; and the second time that I did so I chose the time at low water, and tried to walk across; but I soon found myself out of my depth, or at least in water so deep, that I could only advance by swimming.—Ethen.

CANADIAN WINTER WONDERS.—My young readers will be surprised to hear, that when the winter sets in at Quebec, all the animals required for the winter's consumption are at once killed. If the troops are numerous, perhaps three or four hundred bullocks are slaughtered and hung up. Every family kill their cattle, their sheep, pigs, turkeys, fowls, &c.; and all are put up in the garrets, where the carcasses immediately freeze hard, and remain quite good and sweet during the six or seven months of severe winter which occur in that climate. When any portion of the meat is to be cooked, it is gradually thawed in lukewarm water, and after that is put to the fire. If put at once to the fire in its frozen state, it spoils. There is another strange circumstance which occurs in these cold latitudes: a small fish, called the snow-fish, is caught during the winter by making holes in the thick ice; and these fish coming to the holes in thousands and breathe, are thrown out with hand-nets upon the ice, where they become in a few minutes frozen quite hard, so that, if you wish it, you may break them in half, like a rotten stick. The cattle are fed upon these fish during the winter months. But it has been proved—which is very strange—that if, after they have been frozen for twenty-four hours or more, you put these fish into water and gradually thaw them as you do the meat, they will recover, and swim about again as well as ever.—Capt. Marryat.

ANECDOTE OF A CRICKET.—One day, while sitting by the side of a large fire in the kitchen of a farm-house, I observed a cricket steal out of its hiding-place (which is rather unusual in the daytime), and began to eat a little bit of bread, which had fallen by the side of the grate. Happening to turn my head the other way, I saw what I mistook at first sight, to be a round piece of dirt rolling along toward the spot where the cricket was feeding. The cricket began all of a sudden to chirp very loud, when three more crickets came hopping out of the nest. The piece of dirt (as I thought) turned out to be a large spider. Immediately the spider pounced upon one of the crickets, and began to carry it off at a very quick rate, but the other three hopped after it, and tormented the spider till he was obliged to make good his retreat with as much speed as he could, leaving his prey behind. Two of the crickets followed him, leaving one behind to watch the wounded one. The two which pursued had a struggle with the spider, and had nearly done for him (which I was not surprised at), when the cricket which was left behind with the invalid, took up his poor wounded companion in his mouth, and hopped away to his hole. I then saw another spider, which the cricket had seen before I did, and knowing itself to be too weak to contend, and his companions being busy with the other one, had sought refuge for itself and helpless companion. This spider had also a battle with the two crickets (who had by this time overcome the first intruder), and was vanquished and killed by them. The two conquerors then each took a spider home, and I dare say made a good repast on their enemies. I took great notice of these crickets afterwards, and frequently amused myself with watching their motions.—An Old Observer of Nature and Her Works.

Wit and Wisdom.

WHY am I out of sight like a tavern in sight. Because we are both inn-visible.

WHY is the answer to this query like a split tree. Because its as-under.

WHY is a sportsman like a man who frequently makes assignments with a woman? Because he's used to appoint her.

WHY is the destruction of a man's character a good opportunity for him to ride? Because it's a sad loss (saddle-horse).

WHY is a man who ceases importuning for favours like a monarch who abdicates his throne? Because he gives up as-king.

WHY needn't you pay a hackney coachman if he won't fight with you? Because "none but the brave deserve the fure."

THE name of Pope Sergius the Second was originally *Os Porci*, or swine-snout; which is a holiness, thinking not to sound polite enough for a Pope, thus changed.

"Come, friend," said a debtor, "I want that money."—"I haven't got it."—"But I must have it now."—"Well, if you get it before I do, just let me know it, will you?"

A CLERGYMAN was censuring a young lady for tight lacing. "Why," replied miss, "you could not surely recommend loose habits to your parishioners." The clergyman smiled.

An advertisement, offering a reward for some family documents, and mentioning at the end that it was not to be repeated, an old woman, caught by the conclusion, said, "What, not be repeated—eh, sirs, that must be a great secret."

A VERY healthy old gentleman was asked by a king, what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so well at his time of life. "Sire," replied the gentleman, "my physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass."

A NEGRO PUN.—"Wilberforce," said a negro, on one occasion, in the midst of a group of his companions, "Wilberforce—dat good name for free: him good buckra: him want to make we free; and if him can't get we free no other way him will by force."

A RICH valetudinarian called in a physician for a slight disorder. The physician felt his pulse, and inquired, "Do you eat well?"—"Yes," said the patient. "Do you sleep well?"—"I do."—"Then," said the Esculapius, "I shall give you something to take away all that."

THERE are some names not over easy to get the true pronunciation of, such as that of Cholmondeley, pronounced Ohnmligh. This difficulty once gave rise to the following dialogue at the door:—"Pray, is Lord Cholmondeley at home?"—"No, but some of his pe-o-ple are."

We should conceive the following advertisement rather difficult to be answered:—"If John Thomas, who was supposed to have died at Tortola in the year 1829, should meet this notice, by calling on Mr. Vincent, solicitor, in the Minorities, he will hear of something to his advantage."

The study of grammar was the great passion of the Abbe Dangeau; one day somebody was talking to him of the apprehensions entertained that some great revolution was about to take place in public affairs. "That may be," said the abbe; "but, whatever happens, I am extremely rejoiced that I have in my portfolio at least thirty-six conjugations perfectly completed."

A STORY is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party, one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle who was a great favourite. "Ah," says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant!"—"Oh, oh, Mr. Sully!—how can you be so rude?"—"Rude, ladies!—rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory."

HOW TO FIND OUT THE OWNER OF A DOG.—At Chelmsford, a tax-gatherer once stated that there were 5000 dogs assessed in his district. "It was very difficult," he said, "to find out the owners of several dogs; nobody knew anything of them. But he had succeeded in several instances by giving a dog a cut with his whip, in passing. The dog howled. 'How dare you whip my dog?' cried the owner. And thus the secret came out. A clever dog this same tax-gatherer!"

THE DOCTOR IS RIGHT.—A Dutchman, who had been a long time in the use of spirituous liquors, was at length persuaded to give it up and join a temperance society. A few months after, feeling unwell, he sent for a physician, who prescribed for him one ounce of spirits. Not understanding what an ounce was, he asked a friend, who told him that eight drams make an ounce. "Ah," exclaimed the old Dutchman, "the doctor understands my case exactly. I used to take six drams in a day, and I always wanted two more!"

RAGLAN MUSIC HALL.—Open every evening at seven o'clock. Immense success of the Christy's Coloured Opera Company. Best Comic talent.—Sam Collins, W. Randall, Mrs. Phillips, the Sisters Gifford, Miss Batchelor, Mr. Bauston, Messrs. Holmes and Herbert, the Messrs. Roscoe, the Elliott Family, and a host of other talent.

ROYAL TIVOLI GARDENS, Margate, open daily. Admission, One Shilling.

TRY—TRY—TRY

Baker and Baker's True Uncoloured Tea. THIS Tea is grown and prepared under careful inspection, and imported free from all artificial colour. It is highly recommended by medical and scientific men. It combines purity, fine flavor, and lasting strength, and merits a trial from all who desire a genuine article at the lowest remunerative price.

Sold in packets from 3s. to 4s. 4d. per pound. The wrapper is stamped with the Chinese Dragon, without which none are genuine. Agents in Hackney—Nolde, Gibson, Boyd, Kingsland-road—Robins, Karsch, Smith, Hoxton—Godley, Hughes, Sonart, Ball's-pond, Lesene, Pritchard's-road, Vener, Dalston, Hart, Potter-lane. Wanted, first-class Agents in districts not represented.—Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, Worship-street, London.

MATRIMONY.—Persons of either sex (age, position, or appearance immaterial), desirous of marrying may have their wishes speedily complied with by sending stamped directed envelope to the undersigned, who will forward particulars of a secret, by the possession of which any one can gain the devoted affections of as many of the opposite sex as he or she may desire. Address, Mr. Vincent Grey, 59, Wilson-street, Finsbury, London.

MATRIMONY.—A Young Man, highly respected in society, who has an income of three hundred per annum, and is near relatives, wishes to correspond with an amiable young lady of high respectability, with a view to matrimony. Photographs required, but will be returned, except the one who shall be selected for correspondent. Address, in confidence, M. S. Quenselton, Ireland.

MATRIMONY.—A Young Gentleman, of promising appearance, twenty-five years of age, with a good education, honourable, but poor, and owner of a warm, generous heart, desirous to open a correspondence with a young lady of pleasing address, good family, and some little fortune, with a view to marriage. Reply in good faith. Cartes de visites exchanged if agreeable. Address, Post Office, St. Helens, Jersey.

MATRIMONY.—A Young Gentleman of literary acquirements, twenty years of age, wishes for a lady correspondent from seventeen to twenty years of age, who is refined and good-looking. Exchange of photographs solicited. Address, JOHN H. R. Poste R-street, Calif.

MATRIMONY.—An Irish soldier, in the Army of the Potomac, is desirous of opening a correspondence with some young Irish lady of sixteen to twenty-four years old, with a view to matrimony at the expiration of his term of service; which will expire in about a year. Money on deposit as he is possessed of a small competence sufficient for all the necessities, with some of the luxuries of life. His age is twenty-four. Photographs desired and one sent in exchange. Address, B. L. Ryan, Co. 2nd New York Artillery, Washington, D. C.

MATRIMONY.—To HARRIET B.—A gentleman, thirty-one years of age, considered to be good-looking, of an excellent family (he being the third son of a Baronet) and possessing a moderate income, responds to the advertisement of HARRIET B. He is a member of one of the best West-End Clubs, and moves in the first circles. At present, and for the next fortnight, a letter will reach him at the Poste Restant, Brussels addressed to ALEXANDER C.

FUNERALS.—A small brochure, recently published by the Necropolis Company upon the subject of interments, is well deserving perusal by all persons upon whom circumstances may have devolved the duty of making provision for the burial of the dead. It also explains their much approved and economical new system of conducting funerals in simple language, suited for the comprehension of all classes of readers. Being perfectly inoffensive in its style it may be studied advantageously by the youth of both sexes.—Evening Paper. Published by THOMAS WALTER, 5, Grafton-place, Grafton-square, and WILLIAM STRAKER, Amen-corner, Pall-mall-east-row.

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A most valuable little work, evidently from a professional pen and containing a variety of practical instructions conveyed in simple language, suited for the comprehension of all classes of readers. Being perfectly inoffensive in its style it may be studied advantageously by the youth of both sexes.—Evening Paper. Published by THOMAS WALTER, 5, Grafton-place, Grafton-square, and WILLIAM STRAKER, Amen-corner, Pall-mall-east-row.

A FRIEND'S WORD OF ADVICE TO ALL WHO ARE AFFLICTED.—Lose not a moment, but read immediately Dr. Henry's special treatise, "Manly Vigour," and "The Self-Restorer," by which you will at once become master of your own cure, every uncertainty and difficulty formerly attending treatment being removed, and your case being entirely in your own hands, with perfect certainty of speedy success.—Enclose 15 stamps, and Address Dr. A. F. Henry, 52, Dorset-street, Manchester-square, London.

BRODIE'S SPEEDY CURE. BRODIE'S GOLD-COATED PILLS, tasteless, free from mercury, are the safest and most speedy cure in all stages of secret diseases, and one day's dose will be sufficient to convince the most scrupulous of their inviolable and unflinching efficacy, and persons are not burdened with those excessive charges generally resorted to by parties professing to cure these diseases. Boxes 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. Post 3d. extra. 5, Hanway-street, Oxford-street. Stamps taken.

JOZEAU'S COPAINE MEDE, successfully tried in the Paris and London Hospitals, under the care of Messrs. Gallier, Ricord, Lloyd, Poland, and Legros Clark (Lancet 6th Nov. 1856), effects a cure in an average of six days, either in case of simple disease—4s. 6d. per bottle, by post 5s. 3d., at JOZEAU'S, French Chemist, 21, Haymarket, London.

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TO LADIES ONLY.—Midwifery, Pregnancy Obstructions, &c. Medical advice given on all peculiar cases. Letters answered strictly confidential by Dr. Richardson, Medical Hall, 101, Drury-lane, London. Female powders for pregnancy, 5s. per packet. Consultation from 9 to 12 morning; 6 to 10 evening.

MASCOULINE VIGOUR GUARANTEED IN FOUR WEEKS, by the use of SIR ARTHUR COOPER'S VITAL RESTORATIVE, 11s., or four quantities in one for 33s. Sent anywhere carefully packed, on receipt of remittance. Sole Agent, ROBERT HOWDEN, 75, Gracechurch-street, London. E.C.

D. WATSON (of the Lock Hospital) has just published his new Essay.

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BILIOUS and Liver Complaints, Indigestion Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILLS, OF HEALTH. They unite the recommendation of a mild operation with the most successful effect, and where an aperient is required nothing can be better adapted. Sold by all medicine vendors. Price 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

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To the Young Men of England who suffer from Nervous Debility Just Published THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID: composed of a warning and a caution to others; supplying at the same time, the means of Self Cure, by one who has cured himself, after undergoing the usual amount of Medical Imposition and Quackery. Single copies may be had (post-free) by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the author, ARTHUR DIXON, Esq. Moulton, near London.

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"We feel no hesitation in saying there is no number of society by whom the book will not be found useful—whether such persons hold the relation of a parent, preceptor, or clergyman."—Sun. "This work should be read by young and old."—United Service Gazette.

Sold also by Mann, 25, Cornhill. At home from 10 till 2, 6 till 8 A GENTLEMAN having been cured of the results of youthful error and nervous disorders, will, from motives of benevolence, send a copy of the prescription used on the receipt of two stamps. Address, B. D. Esq., 44, Holwell-street Strand, London.

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